

# Maclean's

Canada's

Weekly Newsmagazine

November 12, 2001 \$4.50

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## OVERCOMING DEPRESSION

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FOUND  
SALVATION  
IN A BANNED  
DRUG

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## This Week

November 12, 2001 Vol. 114 No. 45

### DEPARTMENTS

2 Editorial

4 Letters

8 Overture

12 The Week That Was | Passages

16 Special Report

28 Business  
The company that Peter  
Mark built wants to  
make gold any day again

34 Cover

44 Health A survey  
finds confidence in the  
health system slipping

46 The Maclean's  
Excerpt Barbara Ansel  
profiles George Charalio in  
a new book from Maclean's archives

49 People

50 History New facts are emerging  
about the worst disaster in Canadian  
peacetime history

53 Films David Mamet and the  
Coen brothers prove their mastery of  
film noir

56 Books Deborah Ellis's *Afghanistan*  
story is a *KidLit* sensation

58 Entertainment Notes

COLUMNS

33 Donald Cox

64 Allan Fetheringham



Photo: Bob Schuchman



### 34 COVER

#### OVERCOMING DEPRESSION

How Senior Writer Sharon Doyle Dwyer spent two desperate years searching for the right antidepressant, only to find salvation in a banned drug

40 Not tonight, dear, I feel better Antidepressants are a mixed blessing when the mood improves—but performance in the bedroom doesn't

### SPECIAL REPORT

16 Bombs and bombast After a month of relentless  
attacks on Afghanistan, Washington needs results—in  
the field and on the public relations front

18 Turning up the heat As the war on terror  
proceeds, the attacks on Canada's lax refugee system are  
intensifying. But Ottawa shows no signs of bending

21 Prognosis: slow The B-52s may be in the air,  
but with winter coming, victory in Afghanistan seems  
a long way off. Arthur Kerr reports from the front  
lines in Bagdad district

26 In memoriam Last week, Ottawa changed its  
rural and reformed the names of the 24 Canadians  
who died on Sept. 11. *Maclean's* profiles those whose  
stories could not be told in our Oct. 29 issue



Cover photograph by Doug Foster



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## From the Editor

### A last call to play it again, Sam

A couple of years ago, I interviewed Geddy Lee, front man for the seminal Canadian rock band Rush. Lee, known for his distinctive bushy hair, must disappoint some of his hard-core-motivated fans in person. He's cultured, sophisticated guy, equally at home discussing his art and wine collections, and is happy listening to jazz and blues as to head-banging music. He talked about how some of his best finds of obscure recordings came from the flagship Sam the Record Man store on Yonge Street. Lee also discussed the chain's owner, the Seadenman family—Sam and his son Jason, who helped run the business—is an obviously kind and personal way.

I remember thinking that (there's something decidedly odd about a country in which people on the creative and for-profit side of the music business feel so at home with each other. Now, there's a poignant edge to that: Sam's has filed for bankruptcy, an apparent victim of competition from a variety of sources in the form of other chain stores and new technology.

Although the Sam's store on Yonge Street was the best, and best-known, of the chain, this wasn't just a Toronto institution. As a teenager, I spent hours poking around their Montreal store on Ste-Catherine Street West, and friends who grew up in other cities than equally fond memories of other Sam's outlets. Sam Seadenman encouraged Canadian content regulations, and kept a special section for Canadian music in his stores. If you were the sort of devotee who knew that, say, the rock group Chillywick was originally known as the Collectors, or that Maché Pégliero sounded *réel* as cool in English as in French, then you had a malapropism for the store's range of choice.

Now, Sam's is gone—or almost—while it's a big loss, it's hard to say whether

that's also a metaphor for the Canadian music scene. Our most talented performers fall into two categories. First, there are those whose sound is polished and wildly popular, but could come from anywhere—think of Brieus Adams, or Shania Twain, or Céline Dion. Then, there are the acts whose content is uniquely Canadian, such as Blue Rodeo, or the tragically Hip. No wonder Americans have never really taken to the Hip: what are they to make of a ballad about Bobcaygeon, Ont., or an ode to Bill Barilko, the defenceman who died in a plane crash shortly after his winning goal gave the Toronto Maple Leafs the Stanley Cup in 1993? Then, there's Blue Rodeo: I'd agree that their brilliant 1994 release, *Five Days in July*, deserves to be on CD shelves around the world, along with *All in Time*, the lovely 1999 solo effort by vocalist Jim Cuddy. But they aren't, because Blue Rodeo also focuses on places and themes that don't resonate with listeners south of the border.

There's a market for distinctive Canadian music—so long as Canadians know about it. MuchMusic helps, as do Can-Con rules, but the challenge lies in convincing chain-store owners whose local offices are in London or New York to feature product by people they've never heard of, singing about equally unfamiliar subjects. Like Bobcaygeon. And Bill Barilko. Thanks for the music, Sam.

A number of readers caught my mistaken reference last week to the \$700-million market cap that Jack Welch built at General Electric. The proper figure, of course, is \$700 billion. Apologies.

*Anthony Woodcock*

## Maclean's

Canada's Weekly Newsmagazine

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## The impact of Sept. 11

**Monday morning**, while I was sitting in my home office, the mail arrived and I received my *Mail*. I couldn't put it down until I read the story on the Canadians who lost their lives ("In memoriam," *Cave*, Oct. 29). As I looked outside my window at the beautiful fall colours, I started to cry. The tragedy of Sept. 11 hit me.

Richard Barwood, Toronto, Ont.

**Thank you** for your touching tribute. "In memoriam" helps us remember the countless friends and family members of the victims, some yet to be born. The article also gives us a heartfelt glimpse into the lives of Canadians who died too soon, yet had the same hopes, dreams and plans for the future that we all share. It shows us that their loved ones' grief and cherished memories have infinitely greater than the loss that prematurely ended their lives.

Andrew McKeown, Ontario, Ont.

**Thank you** to all those who shared their stories. This letter is for everyone who lost someone—all those beautiful mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers—on Sept. 11. Although I have experienced loss, I cannot begin to imagine what you are going through. Your stories reinforced my belief

that war is not only painful but barbaric and senseless. I don't know if this helps, but your stories also inspire me to be a better person and citizen.

Karen Kelly, Ontario, Ont.

It was not only Canadians who perished, but also Canadian families who were touched. My niece Kim Cherd (Canadian) was married for 12 wonderful years to Hank Doyle (American) who perished on the 89th floor of the south tower. She was working at the World Trade Center in 1993 when it was bombed, and her brother, Christian, was working there just a few months ago. She has sold her home in New Jersey and is moving back to Quebec.

Paul Coulson, Saskatchewan, Sask.

## Harris's departure

**Alison Gregg** states that Premier Mike Harris leaves Ontario with a bigger gap than ever between the haves and have-nots ("Prosperity, but not for all," *Cave*, Oct. 29). This is easy to understand. While Ontario was going through a period of unprecedented prosperity, many of the have-nots were too busy grousing and making hell instead of applying themselves to the task of breaking into the ranks of the haves.

Frank Potvin, Ontario, Ont.

Unfortunately, prosperity will never be for all, because prosperity in this country is a personal choice, and not one that Mike Harris, or any other member of the provincial or federal governments, makes for us. We live in a country where we have access to more freedom and opportunities than 98 per cent of the rest of the world. The ability to create personal wealth is in our own hands. With all of the resources, education and business opportunities that surround us, there is absolutely no good or valid reason why every person in Canada cannot enjoy prosperity at the level they choose.

Sean Jones, Ontario, Ont.

## The PM's priorities

*Maclean's* thinks that our Prime Minister made a mistake in being too generous to Halifax to send off the troops, thereby lessening his media impact ("Over and Under Achievers," *Overview*, Oct. 28). I am very pleased that he put paying respect to our army personnel ahead of getting the best photo opportunity. The only under-achievers these days appear to be the media and the federal opposition parties that do not seem to realize now is not the time for partisan politics.

Jeff Holloway, Calgary

**Hoosier!** The Harro-mum is over! Now maybe we economic refugees can come home. I didn't leave Canada because I wanted to, I left because Canada, Harri's Ontario is precarious, didn't want me. It's a shame. And there are hundreds like me in San Antonio alone.

Leslie Adams, San Antonio, Tex.

## Afghan insights

The article by Nefise Pinar is a breath of fresh air ("Bombs and bread," *Cave*, Oct. 29). It seems obvious to me that dropping bombs on a devastated country and its living inhabitants is no way to make friends and influence people. If resolution solved problems, hotel would be one of the most peaceful places on earth today. Pinar hit the nail on the head when she blamed Saudi Arabia and Pakistan for the present situation in Afghanistan. Money from the war and military assistance from the other are understandably what is holding the Taliban together today, and what brought it into being in the first place. The U.S. would be better served by stopping the bombing and putting in food aid for the starving millions.

Ian Gledhill, Agincourt, Ont.

A million thanks to *Maclean's* for printing the insightful comments of Nefise Pinar. Canadians are not only ill-equipped militarily, they are uncomfortable handling serious foes whose aims we can't comprehend. If our efforts were directed to aid and relief for the starving refugees of Afghanistan, it would be better than following lock-step with the U.S. Perhaps then Alan Fotheringham could look his

The flu is not a cold. It's worse.

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### THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A COLD AND THE FLU

SYMPTOM	COLD	INFLUENZA
Nose	Runny	Dry, itchy throat FACIAL PAIN HEADACHE Sudden onset, lasts 3-4 days
Respirator	Cough	Dry, sore to scratch
General malaise and pains	Swelling, redness	Dry, often severe
Fatigue and weakness	Discomfort, mild	Dry, usually lasts 2-3 weeks or more
General fatigue	Physical	Dry, often more severe
Fever, chills, sweats	Common	Common
Swelling	Common	Common
Eye pain	Common	Common
Dry, itchy, watery, swollen, red, itchy	Common, mild to moderate	Dry, can become severe
Complications	Can lead to chest complications or sinusitis	Can lead to pneumonia and secondary infections, can be more severe, can be life-threatening

PREVENTION	Proper hand washing	Annual vaccination and targeted food handling
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Cold and flu symptoms are often similar. However, the flu is a lot more serious, lasts longer and can lead to serious, life-threatening complications. It's an upper respiratory disease that affects everything other than your breathing. It's serious and can have serious complications.

Every year between 600 and 1600 Canadians die due to complications from the flu. People most at risk are frail children, the elderly and people with chronic medical conditions. That's why it's important for you to protect yourself. Because you're also protecting your family. Get the flu shot as fast for all Ontarians. Don't get sick. Get the flu shot. See your doctor or call 1-800-FLU-NYCU (1-800-386-6966).

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American friends in the eye, proud to be a Canadian ("A national disgrace," Oct. 20), I know that I would  
**Oliver Yankov, Vancouver, Ont.**

## Heroin and terrorism

"Follow the money" states that \$17 billion in Canada and \$2 trillion worldwide are illegally laundered annually through banks and financial institutions, making ill-gotten gains by terrorists and the underworld (Special Report, Oct. 22). Considering reports related to the war in Afghanistan state that 80 per cent of the heroin consumed by Europeans originates in Afghanistan, would it not be logical to wage an all-out war on the distribution of drugs worldwide? I wonder how much of an impact stopping the trafficking in these drugs would have on the legitimate financial markets? With the billions of dollars spent by recreational drug users in the industrial nations, are we not funding our own demise?

**Bob Gertler, Lacombe, Ont.**

## Canadian and U.S. interests

If we are to believe that Sept. 11 was not just an attack on the United States, but part of a wider attack on "Western values of pluralism, secularism and democracy" ("Those damn Yankees" Special Report, Oct. 22), it becomes paradoxical to believe that the attack on Afghanistan is not part of a wider attack on Islam. Our leaders in-

sure us that this is not so, which seems reasonable, but this makes it difficult to maintain the position that Canada was in some way attacked on Sept. 11. It appears some of those involved in the terrorist attacks at least passed through Canada and had every opportunity to leave their mark here—but did not. Similarly apparent follow-up attacks with anthrax have been made on the U.S., not on other Western countries with similar values. This is a war between the U.S. and the terrorists that seek to harm it. Canada is not, and should not, be involved.

**Dennis Pined, Windsor**

"Those damn Yankees" presents a narrow, unhelpful view of anti-Americanism in Canada. As a Canadian living in the U.S., I have been informed by the thoughtless polarisation of debate in both countries. Whenever someone states that American foreign policy has been responsible for a high level of violence in many countries, and that it needs to change if we are to live in a more just and peaceful world, they are accused of endorsing the criminal actions of murderers who took thousands of lives. This knee-jerk response has the effect of stifling productive debate and reducing a complex situation to the "for us or against us" rhetoric of George W. Bush. The authors say that "in its best, anti-Americanism is a defense mechanism for Canadians who want to remain independent in an integrated North America." Not so. At its best, intelligent criticism of


particular aspects of American policy and influence is not only a search for meaningful sovereignty in Canada, but also for justice, tolerance and equitable treatment of diverse interests around the world.

**Robert Stables, Boston**

A fellow Canadian, Gordon Sinclair put it best when he declared Americans "the most generous and possibly the least appreciated people in all the earth" ("One easy on America, two Canadian voices," Overnote, Oct. 8). After reading "Those damn Yankees," I was deeply ashamed to be Canadian. I know all too well the ubiquitous disdain Canadians feel for their American counterparts. I also know that after living in the United States for nearly eight years, the hatred so many have for Americans is not only unfounded, it's irrational. As your article points out, history has created many of our anti-American prejudices, but as seemingly educated individuals, I would like to think we have the capacity to learn from the past, not dwell on it. As the more powerful, and therefore most scrutinized nation in the world, the United States is the victim of innocent criticism, the least wonderful example of which is *opinion*. As a Western democracy, Canada is not immune to criticism, but you can bet Americans would be first to your defence. If I can't say the obvious is true in the aftermath of this tragedy

**Wayne Wilson, The Woodlands, Tex.**

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# Overture

Edited by Shanda Deziel with Amy Cameron

## Over and Under Achievers

### Post-mortem on a Black week

► **Conrad Black:** All the currency, scarlet cloth and fur trim of the British House of Lords couldn't cover up the heinous Canadian citizenship for a paltry foreign title.

► **Nicholas Campbell:** *The Vinyl Artist* was once best actor Gemini after five years playing case-hardened crooner—the only Canadian TV character in the league of Tony Soprano and President Bartlet.

► **Lawrence MacAulay:** No rogues of rank ships yet, but solicitor general's remark about Canadian spies tapping FBI is a recurrent threat definitely counts as loose-lipped.



Wayne Gretzky and Shuster put a shine on the Oscars, not the film.

### Not exactly army material

During the Second World War, the Canadian Army Show sent more than 60 units of performers to entertain troops in hospitals, base camps and at the front with a vaudeville mixture of comedy and musical acts. Among the soldiers to take to the stage was actor **Peter Onor**, band leader **Donny Vaughan**, composer-conductor **Robert Farnon**, singer **Samuel Baskin** and, most famously **Frank Shuster** and **Johnny Wayne**. With the title "Shuster and Wayne"—as the duo were then known—left audiences cheering for

success, they were not always as engaging onstage. Chronographer **Verly Sweeney Purdy**, then a captain with the Canadian Women's Army Corps, claims their invasion to outdoor showers made them look "slovenly" and they were also "very, very snide about military things if they could possibly sneak out from sharing the lavs, they would." In fact, according to Purdy while touring a Hollywood and Wayne "took every rule and let the whole gang go very chippy."

Although Shuster, 68, was unavailable to comment due to fading

hearts, his wife, **Beth**, didn't miss words. "He didn't like the army" she told *Maclean's*. Still, Shuster and Wayne (who died in 1990) earned on and in the latter months of the war performed *Swanee River*. It was a "snack hit" says Purdy, who now lives in Dorcas, B.C. "Everybody in Europe knew of it. No question about it, they were good."

Back home in 1946, the duo launched the CBC radio concert under a revamped moniker, the Wayne and Shuster Show. Because, as Ruth Shuster explains: "The advertising agency told Wayne and Shuster 'it's better rhythm' in marketing as in comedy, timing is everything." *See Program*

### No, please, don't get up

happening that cotton white head of his and finishing that familiar smug smile. **Steve Martin** slipped into Toronto's Cleveland Stage Theatre recently for the city's premiere of his first play, *House of the Living Apes*—a wry, fictional telling of a Pompeii meeting between **Pablo Picasso** and **Alfred Hitchcock**. Since Martin made this special top, one would assume that also

the play the comedian would feed his way onstage for the miserable standing ovation. Except for one thing: Martin has very specific requirements when it comes to the old standing O. According to a back-stage tip, the law came down that the actor would only go to take an extra-special bow if there were explicit calls of "Autos, Autos!" in the audience.

So what's the law? When the play comes to a close, and the actors were asking up the applause, staff from the Cleveland Stage plopped themselves down in the audience, and promptly began the catcall "Autos, Autos!" Due to Martin who fished out on the stage and put on his very best (he shrugs) **Shirley Temple** routine. Party wild and crazy huh? *Sharon Dawes*



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## Overture



## WHEN TWO WORLDS COLLIDE—Chrétien shares a laugh for art's sake

I took Montreal photographer **Gabriel Jones** six months to arrange this photograph of Prime Minister **Jean Chrétien** with a street youth for his book *Offensive actions*. Finally, just weeks before his book was due for printing, Jones was given half an hour to shoot the politician. The book, which translated memoir "looked subtle," was a project that Jones dreamed up with fellow Mon-

real photographer **Julie Descher** as a way of raising funds for a street youth shelter they photographed 50 Canadian celebrities—such as '90s pop star **Ceryn Hart**, jazz pianist **Oliver Jones** and dancer **Margie Gillis**—with 50 street kids. "We were actually trying to break the stigma type attached to both personalities—the celebrities have really glamorous images and the street kids usually

have the worst image," says Jones, who is working on a similar project for a shelter in Paris. "We didn't expect to change the lives of these kids personally. We were trying to provide people, make them think and maybe gain more tolerance." Six hours before the shoot with Chrétien—which took place in Jones's back alley—security scouted the area. When Chrétien arrived, he was surrounded

by a team of 15 people, including communications officers and bodyguards. Jones began shooting the pair as they chatted on the steps. Just before his time with the Prime Minister was up, he snatched the one that he knew would be right for the book. The photo turned out beautifully but the experience, says Jones, "was quite strange."

—Amy Gonsky



Over to You JOHN BRIGGS

## The spectacle of war

A soldier shuddered as the bullets ripped through his chest, blood staining others nearby. We watched in silence. The explosion that came next was a beautiful as it was violent. Bodies, whole and in parts, flew through the air to a backdrop of fire that danced in bright yellows, oranges and reds. I looked at the people around me and tried to see the expressions on their faces. In the dark, amid the gunfire, screams, blood and carnage, most faces were blank. They did not turn their heads or avert their eyes to avoid the horror. Neither did I. After all, we paid \$12.50 a piece to be entertained by this. *Pearl Harbor*—a three-hour movie where war takes a backseat to the Hollywood love triangle. My grandfather was rolling in his grave.

When I was a boy of about 8 in Amherst, N.S., my grandparents were living with us. One Sunday afternoon, I was standing in front of the television flipping through the channels when I stopped at a war movie. I perched on the couch to examine myself in an afternoon of heroics on an impossible mission. All of a sudden, the situation was off and I heard the words that have stayed with me ever since: "War is not entertainment." My grandfather then left the room.

I knew at a young age that my grandfather fought in the Second World War. He was lucky—all he had lost in the war was his hearing.

His name was Leonard Bertram Berry, his friends called him "Dingy" and we called him "Pa." Born on Feb. 2, 1902, my grandfather stood a full five feet tall and was a soft-spoken, gentle man. He loved to fish, he loved to laugh and he loved his grandchildren. We used to chase him around the kitchen table and steal bacon that he had just cooked. Then we would send him walking—one of those ones with the chains on it—but we would never get very far. The thing that always struck me was that he never got mad, never raised his voice and never swore. He was one of the happiest people I've ever met. So how could this man have gone to war? He actually volunteered to fight. What motivated him to risk his life in a battle thousands of miles away?

We tend to think it's 18- to 20-year-olds who fight in wars. But Pa was 40 years old and had eight children when he landed overseas. He went to war with the Royal Canadian Artillery as a gunner. We know that he arrived safely on April 12, 1942, and that he spent time in Los, England, and in Sicily. He returned in the early winter of 1945. All other matters of his time during the war are a mystery. Likely he had seen firsthand what we had watched on the

screen—the bodies, the looks of friends and acquaintances scattered about the battlefields. He never talked about what he experienced, but he never forgot. Every Nov. 11, he would pull out his medals, polish them up to a brilliant shine and pin them on with pride. He would toast for the town war memorial and have a glass with his friends at the local legion as they remembered those who did not return.

In 1980, when I was 16, Pa died. I never had a chance to talk with him about his experiences in the war. I have those medals now; I don't know how they came to be given to me, but they are my most valued possessions. One is missing, yet the ribbon is still attached to his pin bar, sewn by the man who so deserved to wear it.

It saddens me to think of what a commercial success war has become. Yet our government will not give money to help build a monument to the Canadian soldiers that took Jano Beach. Veterans are nagged for their poppy money and many Canadians don't stop, even for a minute, on Nov. 11 to think about those who died to keep this great country free. We are sending these men and women overseas once again, in the defence of freedom. But as we guard the peace, let us not forget the past. The new battle is spatial. So let us fight that. Let us, at least, set aside a few minutes of silence to remember. Remember those who died for our right to choose to pay \$12.50 to sit in silence for hours, and be entertained by movies that re-enact deaths like those.

John Briggs is a writer, teacher, husband and father in Simpson, Ont.



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# The Week That Was

## Aboriginal justice

Witnesses reacted angrily to the request of two Canadian Saskatoon police officers for a native sacred pipe. Former combatants Dan Hutchins and Sam Munson were found guilty in September of an unlawful confinement in the case of Daniel Night, an aboriginal man arrested for creating a disturbance on a night night in January, 2000—then, standstill outside of town. Daniel Worne, Night's lawyer, said his client may consider participating in a sentencing circle plan for the two men, who have been fired from the police force. "He wants healing, as much as these two individuals do despite their failure to own up to their scandalous conduct," Worne said. The former officers had argued that their actions were not criminal.

## Tea and dope

The H.C. Marijuana Users' Association of Canada—the first of its kind—opened in Vancouver. It will cater to those who, due to drug laws, are exempt from Canada's drug laws, allowing them sandwiches, cookies, tea and a place to smoke medicinal marijuana. Under new regulations that came into effect in July 2006, some 100 B.C. residents and another 300 people elsewhere in Canada have permits allowing them to possess marijuana for medicinal purposes.



## Guilty—sort of

Former 1970s radical Sam Olson pleaded guilty to two felony counts in connection with a 1976 plot to bomb two police cars in Los Angeles. Olson, known as Kathleen Solih during her association with the Symbionese Liberation Army, went into hiding after the failed bombing conspiracy and transferred herself into a middle-class mother and actress before being tracked down by police in a quiet Minnesota suburb. But after her

## HISTORY ABLAZE

**Fire destroyed the chapel of the historic St. John's Anglican Church in Lumberton, N.S.—the second oldest Anglican church in North America—and damaged the rest of the structure, perhaps irreparably. Authorities said the blaze of the 310-year-old church may have been the result of arson. Lumberton is a UN World Heritage Site.**



guilty plea—Olson must a deal under which authorities dropped these other charges against her—she said she'd been convinced she wouldn't get a fair trial "given the terror of the trial" after the Sept. 13 terrorist attacks. "I pleaded to something in which I'm not guilty," she said.

## Diving dollar

The Canadian dollar took a sharp turn south as economic news piled up. At Friday's close, the loonie was worth 62.62 cents (U.S.), just above a new record low in its 147-year history. Analysts said weak commodity prices and a worsening global economy were to blame, as retail data confirmed that U.S. GDP shrank in the third quarter of 2009. The new record of 62.62 cents—equivalent to nearly \$1.60 per U.S. dollar—crashed through the previous low of 63.31 cents, set on Aug. 27, 1998, amid a global financial crisis. The record high, set on Oct. 20, 1997, was \$1.06.

## Hard on softwood

Foresters and politicians reacted angrily as the U.S. government imposed a new duty on Canadian softwood lumber exports. Wood from all provinces was hit with anti-dumping penalties averaging 12.6 per cent, an up from a previous tariff of 19.2 per cent levied in August against all but exports from Atlantic Canada, which uses a different pricing system. International Trade Minister Pierre Pettigrew called the move "antagonistic," but Daniel Cormier, leader of Vancouver-based Canfor Corp., Canada's biggest lumber producer, said

Ottawa for not warning lumber to better the dispute.

## Serpent in the house

She'll keep the snake but must keep her children away from other hermits—that's the solution to the dispute between Kerry Ann Koop and child-welfare authorities in Kelowna, B.C. Koop has owned Boaz, a five-foot-long Burmese python, since February, 1997. The provincial children's authority didn't much like that arrangement—Koop's house had been as children under 17, three of them toddlers, and the couple evacuated. But last week, officials agreed to leave Boaz with Koop as long as she promised to keep the python caged unless there are two adults present in the same room—with a knife big enough to



cover the snake's spine if necessary. The children are also forbidden to play with any type of animal that might be part of Boaz's diet—the animal's odds might not all be on the

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## The Week That Was

### Last spin for Sam the Record Man

**M**any were about to leave as they wandered the store aisles of the Sam the Record Man store in downtown Toronto. Some had come to reminisce, others to purchase one last recording from one of Canada's best-known and loved music stores as it finally said its goodbye last week. "I bought my first single here," said songwriter David Foster as he browsed CD racks during his lunch break. "I used to get my mother to drive me from Brampton!"

Sam Simicki, 81, who grew up in Toronto's crowded Kensington Market neighbourhood, first began selling records at the family-owned radio store in the 1950s. In 1961, he founded his landmark Yonge Street location, known nationwide for its towering nine-foot shelves to resemble a spinning record. Simicki never looked back, at one point opening 70 stores across Canada (13 franchised stores will remain open). But in the 1960s and '70s, that passion was evident in the daily large Street store, which featured, among other things, a picture of Simicki and Sonar's Ron Carson on one wall and a British Columbia photograph mounted on another. Simicki was made a member of the Order of Canada in 1975, and received the Governor General's Award for volunteerism in the performing arts in 1999. "He was very much a supporter of Canadian artists," said Dave Belfy of the Society of Composers, Authors and Music Publishers of Canada. "That's why the legacy of Sam the Record Man."



**Revised:** Saturday Night magazine, which has folded several times since its 1967 debut, has been saved once again. Most recently, the general interest publication was dropped from the Saturday Night Media as part of cost-cutting measures. Last week, Toronto-based Westview Publishing Inc. bought the magazine with plans to publish it as once a year and continue to

## Passages



Lord and Lady Black with Henry and Nancy Kinsinger (left) and Rosemary Thatcher and Lord Carlinghouse

**Saved:** After two years of tight writing, newspaper magazine **General Black**, 57, finally took its seat in the British House of Lords, becoming Lord Black of Crossharbour, chairman and CEO of Harbour International Inc. and former owner of the National Post, first sought acceptance of a peerage in 1996. But he was blocked by Prime Minister **Jean Chrétien**. Black then unsuccessfully asked Chretien for advice of power. He became a British subject in June, 1999, announced his Canadian citizenship last May and was granted a life peerage in September.

**Awarded:** Toronto-based stage director **Daniel Brooker** is the recipient of the first \$100,000 Blake and Lou Siminovitch Prize in Canadian theatre. Known for his probing productions of classic and Canadian plays, Brooker, 43, was praised by juryhead **Uffe Karsela** for "using the stage as an arena for moral debate and the eternal word." The prize honors **Lee Stattenhoff**, one of Canada's leading theatrical researchers, and his playwright wife, **Gloss**.

**Bled:** France's world champion super-G skier **Philippe Cournaud** would likely have ended her career at the Olympics in Salt Lake City next year. She then planned to move home to her village, La Clusaz, and open a sports complex. The local athletes' club on Oct. 29, Cournaud, 31, suffered with German ski coach **Markus Krumpholtz**, 40, on his Austrian glacier. She suffered severe brain trauma and died two days later. Krumpholtz was sent to hospital surgery and is still in serious condition.

**Appointed:** For the first time in 22 years, Ford Motor Co. is being run by a member of the founding family. **Henry Clay Ford Jr.**, the 44-year-old grand grandson of **Henry Ford**, has been named CEO, replacing **Jacques Nasser**, 53. The change comes as a boosted time for Ford, which is plagued by big recalls and ending sales.



## Manley tries his hand in the Middle East

The King David Hotel in Jerusalem is playing host to no easy foreign dignitaries these days. But the staff has to juggle to find some Canadian Foreign Minister John Manley was one of the latest to arrive, and by his hand at killing several Prime Minister Ariel Sharon and Palestinian Authority chairman Yasser Arafat for a ceasefire while the U.S.-led war on terrorism moves ahead. But Manley, who was bumped four hours from the safe floor in the third to make way for British Prime Minister Tony Blair, had little success. In fact, even as he met with Sharon and urged him to pull out of Palestinian control areas of the West Bank, Israeli soldiers tightened their grip on four times in the area and killed four militants.

Manley's journey through the Middle East was dogged by the issue of terrorism—and who to blame for it. Prior to embarking on his trip, he visited Jerusalem by appearing to defend Palestinians, claiming they were fighting a long-standing battle for territory. And a scuffling to a British newspaper, he meeting with Lebanese Prime Minister Rafik Hariri had to be extended for 45 minutes when the two engaged in a "heated" debate over terrorism and legitimate resistance. Manley also met with little success in Syria, claiming the lead initially refused to accept responsibility for terrorists operating from their territory.

Manley did receive a positive response from Arafat, who backed the



Remembering the dead (top), as Manley and Arafat talked

foreign minister's call for a return to the peace process. Since the current round of violence began in September 2000, at least 130 people have been killed on the Palestinian side and 192 on the Israeli side, deaths that were stacked in a special display of coffins—black for

Palestinians, white for Israelis—by peace activists in Tel Aviv. "The level of violence needs to be curbed and some confidence needs to be rebuilt between Israel and the Palestinians," Manley said. For those living in the mountains that is the Middle East, it was stating the obvious.

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# BOMBS AND BOMBAST

After a month of war, the U.S. needs results—in the field and on the PR front



Women mourning the deaths of their children in Kabul, or injured Afghan girl (below)

BY JONATHAN GATEHOUSE

**T**he grimy black-and-white images of clean surgical strikes have been trumped by the bloody colour of collateral damage. Screaming children wrapped in sootier gauze, women weeping by the corpses of loved ones, elderly men staring vacantly at the rubble of family homes. Four weeks into the bombing of Afghanistan, the military blunder of the United States and its allies in the global war on terrorism appear to be muddling the most high ground. As civilian casualties mount and successful hits against Osama bin Laden and his Taliban protectors prove more difficult to score than the Pentagon had hoped, public impatience is growing; now doubts are being casted at



home, and old biases rekindled abroad.

Americans, emotionally exhausted after the events of Sept. 11, are hungry for vic-

tory instead, they are being fed a steady diet of fear and misery warnings of imminent terrorist attacks, perhaps targeting nuclear plants or California's landmark bridges, more anthrax infections and a fourth fatality—a Manhattan hospital worker with no apparent connection to the outside, extraordinary messages from military leaders, and quiet admissions that George W. Bush's crusade against "evildoers" is not going exactly as planned. Despite the thousands of bombing raids already flown—pills from the USS Carl Vinson, just one of the half-dozen allied aircraft carriers in the waters near Afghanistan, have completed more than 1,000 sorties, dropping 700,000 lbs of high explosives—the Taliban regime's war effort has collapsed as predicted.

As a consequence, U.S. intelligence ser-



## TAX EFFICIENT investing

### 2001 Roundtable

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Fidelity Investments recently sponsored a live Roundtable discussion on Tax-efficient investing, bringing together some of Canada's most distinguished tax experts. The six panelists consisted of: Wilfred Vos, Vice-President, Fidelity Investments Canada Limited; Goss Katz, Senior Principal, Ernst & Young; Deb MacPherson, Partner, KPMG; Tim Connick, Managing Director, AIC Group of Funds; Laurence Booth, Finance Professor, Rotman School of Business; and Jim Rogers, Chairman and financial adviser, The Rogers Group. The forum was moderated by Richard Webb, Partner, Transmission Media Inc. The purpose of the Roundtable was to gain insight from the panelists on key investment issues currently facing Canadian investors, particularly around areas of tax efficiency. They also identified ways in which Canadians can invest more tax effectively, and with the assistance of their financial advisers, build sound financial plans around these strategies.

#### The changing tax landscape in Canada

Much has changed over the past decade in Canada's tax landscape, as Wilbur Robinson, Federal Director of the Canadian Taxpayers Federation points out. "Eight years ago, the Wall Street Journal reported that Canada was on the verge of becoming a third world nation with runaway government spending, high taxes, and spiralling public debt. What a difference a few years makes. The U.S.-led global economic boom, solid fiscal policy on behalf of our governments, and most importantly, the sacrifices you and I have made by paying high taxes for an unsustainable period of time have really turned things around."

Richard Webb (RW): Laurence, Wilbur Robinson paints the picture of Canada as a debt-ridden nation several years ago. Could you remind us just how much tax a Canadian investor had to pay back in the mid '90s?

Laurence Booth (LB): When we entered the '90s governments responded to the recession situation and a weakening fiscal position by hiking taxes. In 1987 the government recognized the tax system and in that point marginal tax rates were at 43.5 per cent. Ten years later, in Ontario, they were up to 54 per cent. Since that period, a strong economy has strengthened government revenues and has allowed for an unwinding in tax rates. Now rates are down to 46 per cent in Ontario.

RW: So it seems that we still have a way to go despite the fact that year 2000 was truly the wealthiest year for taxpayers in Canada. Goss, what were the major changes in the Liberal budget for investors in that year?

Goss Katz (GK): 2000 was a wonderful year for Canadian investors. We had a federal budget and an economic statement later in the year. Probably the most important change for investors was the lowering in the capital gains inclusion rate. It was lowered from three-quarters to one-half at the end of the year.

RW: And how important is it for investors to stay on top of these changes?

GK: As an investor, it's in your best interest since taxes represent a huge cost in relation to your overall investment. To the extent that you can minimize that cost, then you will have more money in your pocket.

RW: Jim, how should investors be reacting to the tax changes that are taking place, and as a financial adviser, how are you helping your clients react to these changes?

Jim Rogers (JR): I think every time there is a meaningful change in the Income Tax Act, tax

# 2001 Roundtable

players should look at their financial plan as well as their investment plan. For example, if we look at the recent reduction in the inclusion rate for capital gains to 50 per cent, that should cause people to rethink their investment mix.

**RW:** Tim, are some of the new strategies that have emerged in the last decade to take advantage of the changes in the tax environment?

**TW:** Gossack (BC): Certainly in more recent years, the RRSP has become important because of the government grant and the tax-deferred growth inside of the plan. But I think since the 2000 federal budget there has now been a re-examination of the issue of capital gains and whether investors should continue investing inside the RRSP, primarily or should they focus on investing outside the RRSP.

## The importance of minimising and deferring investment taxes

In order to invest and defer taxes, it's important to understand investment costs and how your advisor can help. David Rofschick of Rofschick & Samalawich explains: "What's important is not how much you earn but how much you're left with after you pay taxes. There are effectively two different rates of tax to consider. The first and best rate is zero — through deferred tax on certain specialized investment vehicles such as the RRSP. Next, for regular types of investment, the lowest rate of tax is enjoyed by capital gains. The next best rate of tax is on Canadian Source Dividend Income — about one-third more than capital gains. Finally, you move into other sources of income, which would include interest income — taxed at approximately twice the rate of capital gains."

**RW:** Gern, everyone seems to agree that capital gains are the way to go because the inclusion rate has fallen thanks to the 2000 budget from three quarters to one-half. What does this mean for Canadian investors?

**GR:** It really means that investors pay half the rate they would otherwise pay on capital gains. For someone in Ontario at the highest marginal tax rate, they would pay 46 per cent regularly on income. For someone with capital gains, they will only pay 23 per cent.

**RW:** Tim, does that mean that investors should

always shoot for capital gains, because they will be paying less tax on them?

**JR:** No, investors should be looking at their overall objectives and goals; their personal tax mix, their comfort level and all those need to be carefully considered before deciding in favour of any one of these investments including those that produce capital gains.

**RW:** Tim, when do investors actually end up paying investment taxes?

**TC:** Let's take a mutual fund for example. Investors will pay tax when the fund generates taxable income. That income generally flows out to the investor, who pays the tax. When a manager sells a security that triggers a capital gain inside the fund, that capital gain may get allocated to the investor who pays the tax. In the case of funds that have a buy-and-hold strategy, that capital gain is pushed off into the future.

**GR:** This comes up as tax minimization, thinking about the kind of taxes you will pay and trying to align your portfolio accordingly. Taxation could you explain to us just what tax deferral means and why it's important.

**LR:** Capital gains are taxed on a realization basis not on an accrual basis, so long as you put off realizing these capital gains, you also put off realizing capital gains taxes. So the major advantage of capital gains is not only the low tax rate, it's also the deferred advantage, and that deferral means that you also have a timing option because you choose when to realize the capital gain and when you are actually paying taxes.

**RW:** Wilfred, why is it better for me to pay a 30 per cent tax rate on my money in 20 years time instead of now?

**Wilfred Wai (WW):** You will get the magic of compounding and that magic is difficult to explain but it works marvelously from the perspective that you are basically compounding your returns. You're earning interest on interest, an interest-free loan from the government.

**GR:** Let's left to clear about one thing, when you defer tax on you grow your investments through compounding, you will end up with a higher tax bill in the end of the day and that must scare investors.

**GR:** It scares a lot of investors. Yes, there is a bigger amount at the end of the day in terms of tax, but there is also a larger amount in your RRSP, and after you're left with a far greater amount.

## Tax-efficient ways to invest

As Steve Kargen of the Fund Library notes, there are four popular ways to invest tax efficiently: "RRSPs to defer the taxes on your retirement savings, RESPs to defer taxes on your children's education savings, Universal Life which combines an insurance product with tax sheltered savings, and corporate structure or corporate class funds that allow you to take advantage of moves in the market, realize a gain in one fund, switch money to another, but you don't pay tax until down the road. Four different vehicles, all of which may or may not be appropriate for you. You've got to think about them, talk to a financial professional, but most important, plan ahead now."

**RW:** Gern, what is the main benefit of the RRSP?

**GR:** The RRSP is just about the best tax shelter around. Not only is it a government-permitted, but it's actually endorsed by the government, so an investor gets the benefit of a tax deduction for their contribution. There is no taxation until the money comes out of the RRSP.

**RW:** Deb, what is the biggest drawback of the RRSP?

**Deb MacNess (DM):** The main drawback is that you have to pay tax eventually. The government decides that when you turn 70 you must collapse your RRSP, and put it into an annuity — less common today — or more likely a RRIF. When withdrawals are made from either an annuity or a RRIF, you're going to be paying tax. A real advantage lurks in the background, when these withdrawals come and your marginal tax rate is lower.

**RW:** Wilfred, tell us about RESPs.

**WW:** They're an investment vehicle for a parent, grandparents, relative, or friend who wants to help support a child that will eventually go to a qualified educational institution. They basically can invest up to \$4,000 a year in an RESP with certain restrictions and limitations and receive a CESG — the Canadian Education Savings Grant — from the government, which is approximately 30 per cent of the investment in any particular year.

to a maximum of \$400. Those monies combined are in turn able to grow on a tax-deferred basis.

**RW:** Deb, tell us about Universal Life? What is it and how does it allow investors to defer taxes on their investments?

**DM:** Universal Life is a life insurance policy, which also has an investment component, and the investment income is generated on a tax-free basis. So what happens is you pay premiums or make contributions to the policy. Part of the premium goes towards the cost of insurance and the balance goes into the investment portion. Once the investment income is inside the plan it does compound tax-free, so in that respect it is like an RRSP — although there's no tax deduction for putting the money in.

**RW:** Jim, should Universal Life be thought of primarily as a tax-efficient way to invest or an insurance vehicle?

**JR:** Universal Life can be a good way to buy insurance, especially for a high-income taxpayer who will benefit more from the tax deferral, so which Deb inferred, than a low-income taxpayer, but the high-income taxpayer should need or want insurance.

**RW:** Gern, corporate structure funds offer yet another opportunity for investors to defer their investments from tax. How do they work?

**GR:** They actually just regained a lot of popularity mostly because of the reduction in the capital gains inclusion rate. They are not dissimilar from our standard mutual funds in that they represent portfolios of different types of investments. But they are housed under a corporate umbrella instead of being housed "in trust" with the benefit that you can have exchanges of shares on a tax-deferred basis.

**RW:** Wilfred, what is the significance of tax-deferred annuities with corporate structure funds in terms of retirement planning?

**WW:** It's important because they allow an investor to switch amongst the funds without having to pay tax at the time they switch from fund to fund. So if the investor's investment profile or plan changes, they can effectively rebalance their portfolio to be in line with their investors goals.

## TAX EFFICIENT investing



Richard Abb  
Assistant  
Former  
Thomsonville Media



Wilfred Wai  
Vice President  
Policy Investments  
Canada



Gern Kite  
Senior Principal  
Ernst & Young



Jim Enger  
Chairman and  
Financial Advisor  
The Enger Group



Deb MacNess  
Partner  
RBC

## 2001 Roundtable

## Picking the right strategy

The final piece of the puzzle is to notify the client of these different ways to invest and efficiently run a financial plan, an CFP® George Mancini explains. "As a financial advisor my job is to assess my clients' financial needs and goals and to devise a financial plan to achieve them. As the tax landscape alters, I've become increasingly focused on saving my clients tax dollars and redirecting them in to their portfolios."

**EW:** Let's start with some basic rules. Wilfred, where should young investors start first? RRSP, RESP, Universal Life or Corporate Bonds?

**WV:** My recommendation would be to start with an RRSP. You get the tax deduction, and that's already a big bonus.

**EW:** Deb, what about young investors who are saving for a home and their child's education? Should they bother with the RRSP if they know they won't take out the money in a few years time?

**DM:** The government has addressed this problem with the Homebuyers' Plan. Up to \$20,000 can be withdrawn from the RRSP tax-free to purchase a new home. For a couple, \$40,000 can be withdrawn. You must use the money to buy a home and the money has to be repaid within 15 years.

**EW:** Gert, what about investors who have not retired out their RRSP but they are close to the age when they will convert the RRSP to a RRIF? Does it still make sense to invest in the RRSP, or are corporate structures far more the better alternative because they are taxed more favorably?

**GW:** It depends on their tax situation. If you expect your marginal tax rate to fall in retirement, then you are getting a big benefit from the tax deduction, then go with the RRSP—you'll pay less tax on the money on the way out. But if you have an investor with more than enough for retirement in their RRSP, then they might consider a corporate structure that provides them with long-term deferral, especially if they don't expect a different tax rate in retirement, because they don't want to end up paying taxes sooner rather than later.

**EW:** Deb, what about income for retirement? How can investors build the most tax-efficient income streams to live off after they turn 70?

**DM:** One thing you need to look at is the marginal tax rates of both spouses. This is where income splitting early—using something like a special trust—can pay off. Often there's not much you can do to shift investments around later on—careful planning needs to be adapted years in advance because you don't want all the income being taxed to one spouse.

**EW:** Tim, estate planning is a very important issue because of the taxation implications of the estate of the deceased. What are the best strategies for passing on money to one's children?

**TC:** It depends on your situation. For those with spouses or common-law partners, passing on assets to them at the time of death will defer taxes, and that's usually the first line of defence. Next, leave something to your kids which won't leave a big tax liability such as life insurance proceeds or cash or other assets which have not risen in value that much.

**EW:** Clearly, an investor's tax-efficient investment strategy will be as unique as his or her personal financial goals. What is universal is the need to stay informed of changing tax issues, and to address them in your strategy with help from your financial adviser.

Blend a handful of prospectus and consult your financial adviser before investing. Mutual funds are not guaranteed; their values change frequently and past performance may not be repeated. Investors will pay management fees and expenses, may pay commissions or trading commissions, and may experience a gain or loss.

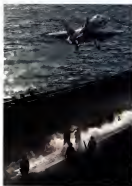
## Special Report

viewers are having little luck pinpointing the location of bin Laden and other high-ranking members of his Al-Qaeda network. With the bitter Afghan winter only weeks away, senior American officials suddenly seem to believe their own public warnings that a conclusive victory might take years. "We thought we were going to get them quickly," a White House source told *Maclean's* last week. "That hasn't worked. But we'll get them next summer."

Next summer? Opinion polls already suggest war fatigue might be setting in. While 87 per cent of respondents to a *New York Times/CBS News* poll said they approve of the way Bush is handling his job as president, only 28 per cent said they were "very confident" the U.S. will capture or kill the alleged mastermind behind the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. A survey published by the British newspaper *The Guardian* found that a majority of people in Britain—54 per cent—now want a pause in the bombing campaign to allow for humanitarian aid. Overall support for military action has dropped by 12 per cent in two weeks, and the paper, and now stands at 62 per cent.

This weakening of resolve has caught the attention of London and Washington. British Prime Minister Tony Blair gave a Churchillian address in Westminster last week, calling for more fortitude in the face of a global menace. "We are in a principled nation and this is a principled conflict," said Blair, who pledged to limit civilian casualties. "Sept. 11 is a loss appalling today, then it is so on Sept. 11. Our determination is no less resolute than it was on the day military action began."

But, never the less, of course, and to reassure his public through conspicuous displays of leadership, such as throwing out the first pitch of Game 3 of the World Series at Yankee Stadium, under the watchful eyes and weapons of thousands of police and Secret Service agents. And Donald Rumsfeld, the U.S. defence secretary, chided critics and urged patience, noting it took America four months to respond effectively to Pearl Harbor. The ground campaign



Pilots from the USS *Cass* Vessan have completed more than 1,000 sorties and dropped 700,000 lb. of high explosives

in Afghanistan is coming, he hinted.

In the Middle world, the fragile coalition against terrorism appears to be unraveling by the minute. Pakistan President Gen Pervez Musharraf and his Indonesian counterpart, Megawati Sukarnoputri, have spoken out publicly against the war on terror, and have expressed, among other things, fear of C-130s and warehouses. Newspapers and television news programs are filled with pictures of dead Afghan civilians—and hence with rumbling through the streets of the West Bank.

This ground effort in the wake of the assassination of Rafiq Zawi, a hardline member of the Israeli cabinet, has infuriated tensions throughout the region. "Why, Arabs ask, back a war against terrorism led by a government that provides \$5 billion a year in support to the oppression of the Palestinian people?" "When dictators and colonialists get support, and civilians trying to obtain their rights by any means are called terrorists, then people have a problem," says Dr. Labib Kasbi, a businessman and political analyst based in Amman, Jordan. "The issue of freedom, a right to fair representation and economic

opportunity must be addressed."

The Gulf War now seems a distant memory. Then, the constant threat of Scud missile attacks kept Iraqi neighbors focused on the problem at hand, while the world's media complacently accepted allied boasts of daring accuracy. Now, the Taliban as men appear to be winning the Pitt battle, with media reports of destroyed villages and daily news conferences in Pakistan, although the region's newfound concern for the welfare of civilians is openly questioned. "CNN was generating a picture of victory in the Gulf War, but now we have pictures of death and destruction," says Paul Rutherford, a University of Toronto historian and propaganda expert. "People are getting more scared the more they watch it."

Coming up short in the battle for hearts and minds in the Middle East, the White House has turned to outside help, giving a \$205,000 contract to a Washington public relations firm to help counter opposition. At home, the warnings of impending terrorist attacks seem to have softened resolve. And the war on terrorism is coming, says Jim Hanson, associate executive director of the Canadian Institute for Strategic Studies, a military think-tank in Toronto.

The first month has seen achievements on the diplomatic, economic and intelligence fronts, he says, as the coalition scrambles to prevent further attacks by cutting off support and funding for terrorists. But Hanson, a former brigadier-general in the Canadian Forces, acknowledges that those successes are not showing up on the media table—and are not getting enough top public that has developed unreasonable expectations and may have forgotten their victory demands sacrifices. On the other hand, some 5,000 American citizens died on Sept. 11 in New York City and Washington. And that, Hanson says, "could equal to a certain tolerance for body bags that was not there before."

With William Leavitt in Washington, Laura Eden Pracht in Jerusalem and Marlene Shubin in Amman

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# TURNING UP THE HEAT



Critics say Caplan (right) should be helping not helping his steps toward the Muslim world.

BY JOHN GEDDES IN OTTAWA

When it comes to Ottawa's position on Sept. 11, it's as if there are two very different governments at work. There's the hard-nosed, activist one represented by Justice Minister Anne McLellan, who has divided cabinet with her proposed law to expand police powers by introducing measures like preventive

arrests. And then there's the more cautious one represented by Citizenship and Immigration Minister Elton Caplan, who has so far resisted every effort to get her to admit that Canada has any need to tighten up its rules on admitting refugees. Odd, given the pressures the federal Liberals faced after the attacks on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon. There was never any entry in Canada for the sort of

controversial law-enforcement tools that McLellan proposes. But from that terrible morning on, the admission of Ottawa's critics—from U.S. politicians to former senior federal officials and the official Opposition—has focused on Canada's allegedly lax refugee policies.

That pressure seems bound to grow, not ease. George W. Bush injected new urgency into the debate last week by direc-

ting White House officials to take steps to "deny potential terrorists any entry from Canada or Mexico," and push for "maximum possible compatibility of immigration, customs and visa policies" with the two neighbouring countries. (One issue on the table: visitors' visas for citizens of Saudi Arabia, Osama bin Laden's homeland, which the U.S. requires but Canada does not.) Caplan supports co-operation

with the U.S. in some areas, but shows no sign of bending on refugee policy. Instead, he suggests the Americans should fix their own act together. "Since Sept. 11, they are very worried, feeling insecure, and they would really like, unfortunately, to find someone else to blame," Caplan said. "Everyone knows that Canada's immigration policy had nothing whatever to do with what happened on Sept. 11, and that all of the 19 hijackers had been in the United States for quite some time."

She is on solid ground when it comes to the actual hijackers. But Canada is not entirely in the clear—possibly because of the aqueous case of Nabil al-Marabbi, a suspected operative of terrorist legend bin Laden who was arrested in Chicago in late September. Born in Kuwait, al-Marabbi arrived in Canada in 1994 claiming to be a refugee. In the end, he was turned down—but never deported. He was caught trying to enter the United States last June with forged documents and handed over to Canadian authorities, then released after a hearing by a Canadian Immigration and Refugee Board adjudicator: when his uncle, a Toronto copy-shop owner, posted a \$15,000 bond. The 34-year-old is now being held in a New York City jail as U.S. immigration tries to piece together the puzzle of his alleged ties to international terrorism.

But the possibility that al-Marabbi is the Canadian connection to Sept. 11 is far from the only issue that puts Ottawa's refugee policies in question. There are broader concerns about terrorism and criminals with no links to bin Laden's network, like Tamil and Sikh radicals. Not to mention more mundane questions

about right should the system be to prevent abuse by those who might be harmless enough, but see exploiting the refugee process to bypass the normal immigration system? Critics claim Canada's system is so wide open that it is a magnet to all sorts of dubious refugees, from the dangerous to the merely dishonest. "These people move around and do asylum-shopping," says James Bosen, a former executive director

of the Canadian Immigration Service.

Caplan argues that Canada is no softer on phony refugees than the United States. To back that up, he points to the numbers: Canada approved 58 per cent of refugee claims last year, not far off the 53-per-cent rate in the United States. But critics say a closer look throws doubt on her claim that the two countries are almost equally stringent. First of all, given its smaller population, Canada gets a disproportionate number of claims—37,713 in 2000, compared with 84,000 in the United States, with about 10 times the population. As well, those approval percentages apply only to cases claimed to a conclusion. Left out are claims that were dropped before being decided on their merits.

Counting in discontinued cases dramatically alters the comparison between the two countries. In Canada, fewer than one in five cases is abandoned in mid-stream. But in the United States, about half of all cases are dropped before they reach a final ruling, although in some cases individuals are accepted into the U.S. through other means, such as a special program for Haitians. Still, when those never-completed cases are lumped into the statistics, the overall U.S. approval rate plummeted to 26 per cent, while Canada's stays less precipitously to 48 per cent. No wonder Canada has a reputation for going easier on claimants.

Not surprisingly, critics of Canada's refugee system focus on this sharper contrast—the U.S. accepting about a quarter of those who seek asylum, while Canada takes in nearly half. Bosen argues Canada doesn't know nearly enough about most of the individuals



who filed refugee claims last year to justify accepting such a high proportion. "These are people who simply walk into the country, for the most part with false documents," he told a Senate committee recently. "They make a refugee claim, and then they are home free. We do not know anything about them."

Bosen urges Ottawa to clamp down harder on those who arrive at Canadian

## Special Report

support, ports or U.S. border crossings, and instead do such chores to help the millions of refugees arriving in harsh conditions abroad—like those who are fleeing the bombing in Afghanistan. "Real refugees are in camps, and I've seen them," Bissett says. "They are not 18- to 35-year-old guys who have the street smarts and the money to buy their way in."

There is little chance, though, of Ottawa heeding Bissett's advice. The current federal policy will remain largely intact under Caplin's new Immigration and Refugee Protection Act, which was passed last week and will soon be enacted into law. It's important to distinguish between

also says no, there will still be the option of asking for a court review. Despite the addition of another level, IRB chairman Peter Shoveller predicts the new system will prove more efficient than sending disputed cases directly to the courts. He says the specialists on the new IRB appeals division will have detailed understanding of refugee issues, including conditions in foreign countries, that federal judges lack. "They will be aware of what issues really need to be resolved," Shoveller says.

But Bissett says Caplin's legislation will do nothing to shorten the years of delay associated with appeals and judicial reviews—a new IRB division can only

refugees use fake passports to flee danger in their home countries, then destroy them rather than admit to Canadian authorities how they got out. Same, he says, are reluctant to show even real documents to Canadian officials. "If they come from countries with totalitarian histories, there is tremendous distrust of state authorities," he says.

Critics like Bissett scoff at giving claimants that much benefit of the doubt. He says those who get rid of documents do so to cover their tracks. That sort of deception seems bound to increase with a spate of cases given heavy media attention since Sept. 11. Along with al-Marabi,



According to Bissett, claimants get too much benefit of the doubt; Shoveller (right) says every legitimate refugee must use fake IDs

the two sets of new arrivals covered by the legislation. Immigrants are chosen to come to Canada because they fit the profile of newcomers Ottawa wants, usually because they have in-demand job skills or are joining close family members already living in Canada. Refugees must persuade the Immigration and Refugee Board that they are fleeing persecution.

The new law will make key changes to the way the IRB operates. Currently, two-member panels hear most refugee claims, and those who are turned down can apply for a Federal Court review. Under the new law, a single board member will rule at an initial stage; those who are rejected will get a second look at the case before a new IRB appeals division. If the appeals division

sorts out the process. And on what he sees as the main problem with the system, the botched issue of so-called undocumented asylum-seekers, the new law is silent. The main driver of Canadian Alliance Leader Stockwell Day's recent attacks on the government's anti-terrorism policies has been to call for mandatory checks on those who apply for refugee status with no identity papers.

That's already standard practice in the United States. But Canada's policy assumes those who arrive without documents improve who they are (about 40 per cent of all claimants) generally pose no special danger. Shoveller defends that approach, arguing that many legitimate

there is Ahmed Reiss, another denied refugee claimant, who was caught trying to slip into the U.S. in late 1999 with a plan to bomb Los Angeles International Airport, and Mohamed Zeki Mahgoub, an Egyptian now in a Toronto jail awaiting deportation, who entered Canada in 1995 as a refugee and is accused of belonging to a terrorist group headed by bin Laden. These cases and others that raise concerns may represent just a handful of the more than 30,000 refugee claims filed in Canada every year. But in the post-Sept. 11 climate, and with the White House focusing on Canada's immigration laws, those supporting Ottawa's generous refugee process had better get used to being on the defensive.



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SPECIAL REPORT

Cruel bombing  
Takes position



# PROGNOSIS: SLOW

The B-52s may be flying, but with winter coming victory seems far away

BY ARTHUR KENT  
in Paghman District, Afghanistan

**S**o great is the mood of the U.S. army's Ohio-class submarines, better known as the Talibans, that it takes up to eight kilometres to bring the seeping ghost to a dead stop from its rip surface speed on a calm sea. But if the big sub is a handful, so too is the good ship Pentagon, which shoved itself, this past week, to be slow to adapt to setbacks in its campaign in Afghanistan.

Under pressure from the White House to swiftly turn up the heat on Taliban frontline positions, U.S. war planners reached for the heaviest conventional weapons system in their arsenal—the B-52, the cruel-bombing dark star of the Vietnam War. They deployed the aircraft, flying in pairs, to bomb targets north of Kabul, around the northern city of Taloqan, and once again over Mazar-i-Sharif, where the struggle between the city's Taliban defenders and three Northern Alliance armies is dragging on, more than three

weeks after Alliance commanders publicly guaranteed its swift capture.

There's little doubt that the big bomber hunted blows against Taliban troops in their dugouts and bunkers. The awesome waves of explosions—the earth appears to rise and fall in a tide of fire, with towers of dust and debris billowing up in its wake—a new and terrifying threat to any soldier on the ground. But if the Pentagon was looking for quick capitulation, or at least a new series of directions, then it's back to the war room for a rethink. The Taliban haven't yet sensed decisive offensive power being thrown against them.

Neither have the Bush administration and its generals come up with an alternative to its backfiring efforts at clandestine warfare against the Taliban leadership and Osama bin Laden's Al-Qaeda; critics say this element of U.S. strategy has been badly compromised by Washington's continuing reliance on Pakistan's military as a regional guide and mobilization.

"The Abdul Haq disaster should have finally brought the curtain down on the

ISI once and for all," says one European diplomatic observer. That's a reference to the role played by the Inter-Services Intelligence branch of the Pakistan army in the former mujahideen commander's doomed attempt to undermine Afghan support for the Taliban. Haq was captured by Taliban in auspicious circumstances and executed. "But the U.S. appears to be clinging to the Pakistanis for local knowledge and logistics," says the observer. "It's definitely retarding the war effort."

It's also infuriating the Northern Alliance, who condemn the ISI as the Taliban's secret sponsor, even now, six weeks after Pakistan's President Pervez Musharraf declared his support for George W. Bush's war on terrorism. "Abdul Haq made a big mistake trusting the Pakistanis," the Alliance's foreign minister, Dr. Abdullah Abdullah, told me. "The U.S. and the coalition must realize that only closer coordination with us can lead to the overthrow of the Taliban."

The U.S. is already taking further steps in that direction: top U.S. generals recently

held private talks in Dushanbe, the capital of Tajikistan, with Gen. Mohammed Fahim, the Alliance's military chief. A broad range of military aid and co-operation was agreed upon, Alliance sources say, and Abdullah promised tangible results on several battlefronts "within days."

The need for a quick end to the war might best concern generals, diplomats and journalists, but it's a matter of life and death for millions of Afghan civilians. Even in the fields of Bagum district, which seldom suffer the worst of the region's pitiless winter snows and storms, farmer Parda Mohammad says the toughest thing about the war is the interminable wait for peace. "If the Americans must drop their bombs," he says, "let them burn the Taliban from the earth tomorrow. Our lives, and our land and country, will waste away if this fighting lasts much longer."

The people responsible for seeing that doesn't happen couldn't agree more. They're the international aid specialists who have been, over more than two decades of bitter warfare, loosely long-term caregivers to this crippled nation. Each day that the U.S.-led campaign drags on, they say, Afghan families suffering from exposure and hunger move that much closer to death.

Peter Bulling is director of the Swedish Committee for Afghanistan, one of the conflict's longest-serving and most respected nongovernmental agencies. "We usually supposed that the bombing had gone on this long," he says. "From the speeches they gave at the start of the war, the Americans seemed to want to move swiftly." Though his group has managed to keep most of its schools and clinics operating across Afghanistan through the efforts of its Afghan staff, Bulling says he's anxious to get his foreign cultural supervisors back on the ground to move emergency aid to where it's needed most. "The good news for us," Bulling says, "is that the United Nations is coming back into prominence in the search for a new council or government. We usually worry about the vacuum that would be left should the Taliban collapse. So what we're really looking forward to is a return to some kind of security."

But the UN is moving at a pace that makes even the Pentagon look fires-flooded. The problem, say a number of leaders of the aid community, who spoke on a strictly



Children on a farm in Bagum district, a few kilometers from where bombs fell last week.

off-the-record basis, is that the UN, like successive U.S. administrations, has failed to refine its policymaking philosophy regarding Afghanistan. The same diplomats are trying to bring the same Afghan warlords to the same unresistant negotiating table. Most of the powerful men and women handling the war, they say, seem to resist innovation and creativity.

Aid groups, meanwhile, have been left with no choice but to deploy those two virtues to maximum effect. On the gray banks of the Purple River, the Interna-

tional Committee of the Red Cross last week accelerated its food distribution to families displaced by the fighting 20 miles to the south on the Kabul front. But the ICRC's director in the region, Pierre-André Jaquet, says this must only be the beginning. "Of course there are many more families in even greater need of emergency assistance in several regions of Afghanistan, in isolated places that are difficult to reach even in summer," he says.

Other Afghans, who live in places that are all too accessible, especially to the Taliban



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## Special Report

and the American and British aircraft bombing them, are also hoping for quick relief. Civilians such as Kabul, according to travellers emerging from the capital, experience of unprecedented hardship for families.

Amer Rahman (an assumed name) is a 22-year-old student, an ethnic Tajik from the Panjshir Valley. He made the four-day trek by car and by foot through the Najib valley east of the Afghan capital, where he managed to talk, and bribe, his way through the Taliban front line and across no man's land into his home territory, controlled by the Northern Alliance. He had been living in Kabul for the previous two years with his mother and sisters, and witnessed the first three weeks of the bombing campaign firsthand.

Government employees, he says, are forced to report to their places of work each day promptly at 8 a.m., or face punishments—regardless of the effects on their families and homes of the previous night's bombing. As well, a decree has been circulated from Taliban leader Mohammed Omar stating that anyone caught dis-

seminating a possible peace-making role by calling King Mohammed Zahir Shah, even in the privacy of each home, will be arrested by the religious police.

According to Rahman, the religious police—those credible watchmen of Taliban doctrine, resplendent in their long white turbans—see much less intimate with ordinary Kabul residents these days. "The American attacks," he says with a smile, "have given them other things to think about. They don't have as much time to bother people right now."

Still, it's a foolish civilian who steps out of line. From the first day of the bombing, a much greater number of armed Taliban troops began patrolling the streets, and many more tanks and armoured personnel carriers are on the move, trying to track U.S. warplanes. In the houses, only a few



Distributing food supplies

shops are open, yet civilians have no choice but to brave possible bomb attacks during the day to gather available food and supplies.

Rahman describes a city under a sort of siege it has never known before in 25 years of war—an capital being chewed away by factions in the increasingly savage U.S. attacks. Most civilians, he says, are torn between their long-standing hatred of the Taliban and their resentment of American bombing raids that too frequently raise the odds, damaging civilian property rather than the Taliban's many small military bases and gun emplacements in and around the capital.

"Everyone faces the right," he says. "Taliban soldiers sometimes come to stay in our houses to avoid the bombs. But we wonder: will the Americans somehow follow them? Will the bombing stop at your door? Of course not."

Neither, it seems clear, will the bombing stop soon. Far from Afghanistan's cities and battlefields, U.S. officials have made it clear that the coming holy month of Ramadan will not see a lull in their offensive. Encouragingly, another political initiative in the person of Hamid Karzai, an exiled Kandahar leader who backs the nation-building efforts centred around the former king, has been launched inside Afghanistan. Karzai is in the countryside somewhere to the north of the Taliban's Kandahar heartland, wearing support of local tribal leaders away from the extremist regime.

But the American's chameleon warfare is progressing, if anything, even slower than the military campaigns. There can be little doubt that winter will drag in flight cloak around this frozen, battle-weary land before even the first tentative steps are achieved towards lasting peace and stability, not to mention the budding of bin Laden, Al-Qaeda and the Taliban leadership.

So the hope of ordinary people here that this will be the Afghan war to end all wars is still a distant one. Some have cheered the arrival of the 8-5-25. But most Afghans recognize the big bombier for what they are: harbingers of more long months of bloodshed to come.

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# IN MEMORIAM



## RUFINO SANTOS

**R**ufino (Ray) Santos, a computer consultant, was wrapping up a project for a client on the 94th floor of the World Trade Center's north tower on the morning of Sept. 11. The former Vancouverite, posted by his boss as an "exceptionally fast learner," had emigrated to Vancouver from the Philippines with his mother and two brothers in the 1980s, when he was in his teens. But in 1996, career opportunities and his enthusiasm for auto and culture drew him south of the border. "He loved New York City—broadways, the museums," says his mother, Aurora, who still lives in Vancouver. "He would always take me to the best shows and finest restaurants. He was very thoughtful."

Aurora is planning a memorial service for her middle son in Manila on Feb. 18, on what would have been his 31st birthday.



## DEBBIE WILLIAMS

**T**wo years ago, Montreal native Debbie Williams and her husband, Darren, moved to Hoboken, N.J., after being transferred to New York City by their employer, Aon Corp. A graduate of LaSalle Protestant Comprehensive High School, Debbie, 35, had worked for the global insurer for 15 years. The couple settled in the small city, just across the Hudson River from New York, as they could be close to Aon's World Trade Center offices. Six months after the move, Debbie gave birth to their only child, Payton. "The family," she several others who love loved ones, declared to me interviewed.

## ALBERT ELMARRY

**F**rom the moment little Elmarry met her husband-to-be at his brother's 50th wedding in 1996, the smooch was on. "I felt like I had known him from a long time ago," she says. Albert—or Bito to his friends and family—was born in

Edmonton but lived in Toronto since 1995, pursuing computer studies and then working for IBM Canada.

The couple married a year after they met and moved to the New York City area where he worked for bond trader Carmel Finger-ald in Queens support. At the time of the attack, little was three months pregnant



## JANE BEATTY

**J**ane Beatty, 53, spent the first four years of her life on the life of Miss before moving with her family to Toronto in 1952. In the early 1990s, after marrying Bob Beatty—whom she met on a blind date while visiting a friend in New Jersey—she moved to the U.S. and worked at a technical supervisor at insurer Marsh & McLennan World Trade Center office. Never a citizen, Beatty still had strong ties to the country. After her death, a colleague wrote her two Canadian sons from an earlier marriage that their mother "was a very special woman—Canadian, as she would like to remind you."

Her elder sister, Joanna Chrysalis of Toronto, remembers Beatty best for her "very sense of humour." Both breast cancer survivors, the two last got together in early August for the world dragon boat championships in Philadelphia. Says Chrysalis: "We had a ball."

With their first child, Her 30-year-old husband, she says, was "a little bit nervous, but very happy" in the prospect of fatherhood. Having taught Sunday school at their Coptic Orthodox church, Elmarry was kind of funny. He deep spirituality, says little, is of great comfort these days. She adds: "I'm sure he's happy now."

## The remaining stories of the Canadians who died in the Sept. 11 attacks

**W**hen Maclean's began preparing its Oct. 29 "In Memoriam" issue to pay tribute to the Canadians who lost their lives in the World Trade Center on Sept. 11, we contacted Foreign Affairs for help. The department had the official list of Canadians who died in the terrorist attacks but, citing federal privacy legislation, it refused to release the 24 names—or contact family members to ask if they wanted to be included in our cover package. Nevertheless, we at the magazine tracked down 28 of the victims, talked to some of their families and told

their stories in our Oct. 29 issue, the first time this had been done. After the magazine appeared, Foreign Affairs changed its own: Reynald Dorais, a department spokesman, told Maclean's that the "In Memoriam" issue sparked a policy review, fuelled by pressure from competing media. Foreign Affairs contacted the families of victims—including one who grew up in Canada but never became a citizen—and all, Dorais said, agreed last week to have their names made public. Now, we can tell the rest of their stories.

Margaret Brundell

## CHANTAL VINCELLI

**C**hantal Vincelli was setting up a display for a trade show on the 106th floor of the World Trade Center's north tower on Sept. 11. A 38-year-old marketing associate with DataSympac Inc., the former Montrealer moved to New York five years ago. "She always loved the city," says her younger brother, Terry Vincelli. "Even when she was 16, she would say, 'I'm going to New York. I'm going to be famous one day.'" Vincelli remembers his sister, a former communications student at Dawson College, as someone with "spark who could talk her way out of any situation." He adds: "She had so many friends and she loved people. She made everybody feel comfortable."

In Montreal, Vincelli had worked at a volunteer for an AIDS foundation. "She also took in stray cats and dogs," says Terry. "She had a pure heart. She was an amazing person."



## STUART LEE

**S**tuart Lee always seemed to be in a good mood. The 30-year-old vice-president of software firm DataSympac loved life and was determined to enjoy it fully, according to work colleagues who also cited his generosity. Born in



## MICHAEL EGAN

**M**ichael Egan left Hull, England, 35 years ago to follow his wife Christine to Canada. But in his heart, he never wandered far from his birthplace. "He loved to collect things from Hull," says his wife Anna, whom he met in Montreal in 1973. "Boots, plates, cups, you name it, he had it." As well, the 51-year-old Aon Corp. executive remained close to his roots—his Winnipeg name was his wife's last name—when he was visiting his World Trade Center office and also died on Sept. 11.

The Egan moved with their two boys, Jonathan, now 18, and Matthew, 16, from Montreal to the New York City area in 1991. Michael, says Anna, spent much of his spare time conducting Marbles, his own Israeli syndrome, as a variety of sports—activities that produced an Olympic gold medal. Egan's "passion," she adds, "was to make Matthew as happy as he could be."

Korea, he moved with his family to Vancouver. He eventually settled in New York City with his third-age wife, Lynn Whiting, and the couple travelled extensively around the globe—through Asia, Europe, South America and Africa—during their four years of marriage. Whiting described her husband as a romantic,

## BERNARD MASCARENHAS

**B**ernard Mascarenhas was the head of systems and technology at Marsh & McLennan Ltd., an insurance brokerage firm. Mascarenhas lived in Newmarket, Ont., with his wife, Raylene, worked in Toronto, and was on a five-day business trip to the New York City offices of parent company Marsh & McLennan on Sept. 11. The 54-year-old was visiting the firm's technology department on the 97th floor of the World Trade Center's north tower during the attack. While all of the Marsh & McLennan employees in the south tower were evacuated, 291 of Mascarenhas' colleagues in the north tower also died. He leaves a son, Sven, and a daughter, Jaclyn.



one who enjoyed good food and was active in several sports.

Lee, who married his bachelor of science degree in operations research and industrial engineering from Cornell University in Ithaca, N.Y., was at a conference on the 106th floor of the north tower when American Airlines Flight 11 struck.

# BARRICK'S GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY

How do you sell more of a fading precious metal? Make it fashionable again.

BY KIMBERLEY NOBLE

Nobody can believe the time. It's already past midnight and there's still a frazzled crowd hanging around the lobby bar of downtown Denver's Westin hotel "Rascati and his troops," as Barrick Gold Corp. CEO Randall Olfphant and his entourage from Canada are known in international gold circles, plus two or three high-profile Wall Street analysts and a few observers from other top mining companies. Tomorrow will be the second day of the gold industry's most exclusive conference, an invitation-only super-summit that is so this business what Davos is to world economics. Most of the guys at the bar have breakfast meetings, and they admit they should all be in bed. But this isn't about drinking most are knocking back light beer and mineral water. At this first major gathering since the U.S. terror attacks, they have a need to talk about what has happened. More than that, they need to be with others who understand that, horrible as it sounds, there's nothing like political uncertainty for spurring the price of their product.

When investors find good, they buy tomorrow's technology, in times of peril—and falling interest rates—they prefer Swiss francs and gold. It has not all been smooth sailing, but gold might be the only major business in the world that looks better as a result of what happened on Sept. 11. The spot price, quoted in U.S. dollars, rose substantially after the World Trade Center collapsed and, although it's slipped back down several times, has spent most of the past two months hovering around \$280—a psychological threshold that has some analysts predicting gold could make a comeback, and climb above \$300 for the first time in four years. Moreover, what gold market commentators refer to as "the market development" has gone

and hope that it's heading higher. "Who knows?" an Australian analyst who works on Wall Street tells the gathering at the Denver bar. "This could be fun."

Opportunities? Certainly. Gaudy and a bit grotesque? Perhaps. Even the gold types at the bar hate sounding so cheerful. Olfphant himself will later confess to feeling extremely jaded. "I have mixed feelings," Barrick's chief says on the way home to Toronto. "It's hard to see people bragging about how much our industry has prospered since Sept. 11. We all wear the American flag on our lapels, but at the same time we're so excited. Gold's up \$20 and everything's going and we're going to the moon." In the short term, experts say that where gold goes next will depend on what happens in Afghanistan. In the long haul, however, it could depend even more on what's going on in Barrick.

Randall and his troops are in Denver on a mission. First, they want the most influential investors in their industry to understand why they agreed to meet of the

transformation the Toronto-based company into a top international player that's in line to give the legendary AngloGold Ltd. of Johannesburg a run for its money. Second—and, given the tribulation and fragmented nature of their business, actually more difficult—the Barrick consortium wants to persuade its competitors to do something the gold industry has never done before on this scale: advertise.

Olfphant, 42, a bit of a sleek young thing himself, heads up a small but influential group of gold producers who have proposed every company, large and small, will be asked to pony up cash for a campaign that rindsides consumer interest in gold jewelry. What they have in mind would be something like Gucci has done for designer leather and De Beers for diamonds. The plan—which will require a \$300-million annual contribution by 2006—is still in its infancy, and has already split the gold industry along a deep-running fault line.

On one side are the pro-jewelry people



## LOST LUSTRE

Average price of gold, per ounce (U.S.\$)



Source: Reuters & Co. Inc.

who think any gold sale is better than a few or none. On the other are mining executives and investment managers who resist jewelry marketing as a frivolous enterprise that detracts from gold's higher purpose as a repository of wealth. Olfphant has been appointed by his peers as the gold executive most likely to be able to figure out how the fine fusion can win

over the second. "It's like herding cats," he says. But it's going to make—or break—the world's gold companies. "If we can do something as an industry to market our product," Olfphant told lunching delegates during a heated discussion, "we've got nobody but ourselves to blame if it keeps wandering off into obscurity."

It's difficult to believe he's really talking about gold, the precious metal that triggered the human interstate trade that created the Yukon as well as modern California, and, in the mid-1990s, led to the scandal of Bre-X Minerals Ltd., the largest stock market fraud since the South Sea Bubble. If nothing else, however, the 1997 Bre-X debacle served to underscore what the mining industry has known for years: it's a lot easier to sell the idea of gold—specu-

cially if it's still in the ground—than it is to find customers for the real thing. Gold bugs argue that their favorite commodity is doing just fine, thank-you, and point out that it continues to sell well, and is relatively high local prices, in India, Turkey and much of East Asia. True enough. Yet it doesn't change the facts: there's no such thing as a gold shortage. Except for a few caches of lost treasure, virtually all the gold that's ever been mined, an estimated 140,000 tonnes, is still available. The bottom line, as far as gold producers are concerned, is that real gold prices, which factor out inflation rates and currency fluctuations, have fallen significantly since 1950.

Experts cite plenty of reasons for this: the growth in gold production in the past cen-

tury, the amount dumped on to the market by European and Asian governments in the 1980s and 1990s, after the price was deregulated, a new generation of performance-oriented central bankers who want their gold to help pay its own way, and thus allow it to be turned out to speculators and self-compensation from a long list of equally safe, but much more lucrative investments, primarily U.S. dollar and government bonds. Then there's the dizzy question of how much damage gold producers are inflicting on the market themselves.

On one hand, they dined in the arena in 1999, when 15 European central banks agreed to voluntarily limit gold sales for five years—an agreement the industry has decided to treat like an international treaty, and has dubbed the Washington



Mark (left) is still chairman, but 42-year-old Olfphant is in the driver's seat of what will soon be the world's No. 2 gold producer





# How to be happy

If you're Barrick founder Peter Munk, it's all relative

**P**eter Munk swoops into the Barrick Gold Corp. boardroom in Toronto, Jack Welch's tough-talking sensibility under his arm. He signs Randall Olfphart's guest to go home. Somebody else at Barrick's conference later that the Welch book—admittedly, *Sought from the Go*—was Munk's idea in the first place, and that he was the first to start handing it around. It doesn't matter. The point is, Munk, who is constantly on planes, no longer has an office at the firm. His two huge companies, Barrick and real estate developer TrizecHahn Corp. of Toronto, are in the middle of enormous reorganizations, and he's been at meetings all afternoon. He's resigned to being the one who has to visit other people in their offices—something colleagues may be happy to enjoy—and he has to carry everything he needs around with him. The book is a reminder, in case you didn't already know, that he's in no one's debt. Peter doesn't live here anymore.

So what is he doing, exactly? "What am I doing now?" he says back, enjoying himself. "What do I do day by day?" Not much. "This is not, of course, strictly true." Warming 74 this week, Munk is still a force to be reckoned with. His hair is whiter and his eyes have lost a bit of their electric blue, but he remains chairman of Barrick and TrizecHahn, companies that he either founded or, in the real estate company's case, rescued out of bankruptcy and built up to the point that they're now worth a combined \$13.1 billion. Through his personal holding company, Munk still has sizable stakes in both corporations—the corporate TrizecHahn owns 21.7 percent of Barrick, and he owns about one per cent. And he continues to worry about what happens to these companies, he calls them "my babies."

On the other hand, he is moving on. This year, apparently for the first time in his life, Munk has actually handed his corporate offspring over to the man he's chosen to succeed him as chief executive: Barrick's Olfphart, 42, a former distressed accountant who took over in 1998, and Trizec CEO Christopher Maclean, 47, who used to work for Jack Welch at GE and who has been running the real estate company since last December. And as far as he's concerned, Olfphart and Maclean are each the ultimate boss. "I have taken many steps back from being directly involved in the operations," Munk says in the only interview he's done to have done during this whirlwind visit to Canada. "This is what my arm was when I got to a certain point in life. And I am doing that."

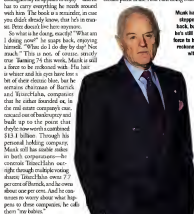
Munk has stepped back, but he's still a force to be reckoned with

Munk says he's still involved in strategic planning. For example, shareholders will remember how upset Munk was at last year's TrizecHahn annual meeting, when he apologized at length for the lousy stock price. The company is an Altair player, a sprawling office and shopping center developer that owns Chicago's Sears Tower and is currently putting the finishing touches on the Hollywood entertainment complex that will become the new permanent home of the Oscars. After selling U.S. shopping centers and Canadian office towers, TrizecHahn is sold and well-financed, but it has been dramatically and unexpectedly compared with similar property portfolios that are held in U.S. real estate investment trusts. So Munk spent the past 18 months working out a way to turn the Canadian company into a U.S. REIT without incurring a crippling tax liability. Real estate analysts are calling this maneuver, unveiled on Sept. 25, the most complicated deal they've ever seen. "It's been like going downhill," says Munk.

Now, with the TrizecHahn deal behind him, and Barrick's merger with Homestake Mining Co. well under way, Munk says he's looking forward to being out of the office as much as possible. Worth more than \$300 million, he says he has no other business interests. "I do nothing with my money," he laughs. "You can check with my accountant. I don't do around me planning. I don't do around making investments. I am very happy."

Outside of the companies, the only assets he owns are houses—one in Switzerland (for the doing, among other things), another in Toronto, and his favourite, a summer cottage on a Georgian Bay island that he bought decades ago when he was young and broke. He came to Canada after his family fled Hungary during the Second World War. "I'm very proud of what I've done in Canada," he says. "I've achieved all that I want to achieve, and I am having a relatively good time. I have a relatively good marriage and I have relatively good kids and I have relatively good businesses. Sure, gold could have gone to \$450 an ounce and Barrick could have been worth \$14 billion. Trizec's stock price has been flapping. But then," Munk says, peering back over his shoulder, "I look at Mexico and life is not so bad."

Kristen M. Nadeau



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# Daytona Beach



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Just an hour's drive from Orlando's theme parks, Daytona Beach lies along A1A, the eastern coastal highway of the United States, just minutes from Interstate 95. With convenient daily flights to Daytona Beach International Airport, and to nearby Orlando and Jacksonville, we make vacationing in the Daytona Beach area easy. While our Canadian Sand Dollar promotion helps make it affordable with savings of up to 30 per cent on your lodging as well as discounts at local restaurants, attractions, car rentals and on retail merchandise.

A Daytona Beach area vacation offers something for everyone. You can enjoy a day on the beach, or a sunset cruise. Explore the secrets of English sugar mills. Discover Florida's natural beauty on a boat tour of the Intracoastal Waterway. Or just relax and soak in the warm Florida sun on our 150m wide beach.

If action and excitement are more your speed, there's Adventure Landing, USA, the official attraction of NASCAR, and racing at Daytona International Speedway. You can also drive the fairways of some of Florida's most beautiful golf courses because Daytona Beach has dozens to choose



from, including two prestigious home courses of the PGA.

You'll find great shopping and dining just steps from the beach, along with hundreds of other stores, boutiques and restaurants where you can browse for the perfect gift or enjoy our local cuisine.

The culture and history of Daytona Beach are an important part of its charm. So spend a day at the Museum of Arts and Sciences, attend a performance at the Seaside Music Theatre or get a bird's-eye view of the Atlantic from atop the Ponce de Leon Inlet Lighthouse.

There's also plenty of excitement for the whole family after dark. And, at the end of the day, a comfortable place to stay — from dramatic ocean views in luxury hotels to cozy seaside inns. Daytona Beach is also one of the country's premier destinations for Superior Snell

lodging — unique hotels, motels, and inns with fewer than 75 rooms that can be as intimate as being a guest in someone's home. In addition to our nearly 400 hotels and motels, Daytona Beach also offers a wide choice of campgrounds and RV parks if you prefer a natural setting for your vacation.

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Imagine a place with more than 90 remarkable attractions, 3,900 restaurants with cuisine to please every palate, 200 lakes, springs and rivers, 150 challenging golf courses, 800 tennis courts, 4 million square metres of shopping space, and more than 105,000 rooms in luxury resorts or economy hotels and motels.

Orlando and Kissimmee-St. Cloud provide an atmosphere where every member of the family, regardless of age and holiday hopes, is sure to find a favourite pastime that can be captured forever on film creating fond vacation memories.

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From morning through night the area will captivate you...

The Orlando area's more than 3,900 restaurants are as diverse as the ingredients the chefs use: from gourmet pizza and pasta to sushi, steak and seafood, Orlando's restaurants offer a wonderful world of culinary delights to be enjoyed by locals and visitors. Dining experiences can be found under

the shade of an umbrella or a sidewalk cafe, on the water of lakeside eateries, or over the city at one of downtown Orlando's fabulous restaurants. Whether enjoying a romantic candlelight dinner at an award-winning bistro, a creative atmosphere at a themed restaurant for a fun family meal, or a live action dinner show with pirates, juggling legends or spirited banquets, dining in Central Florida is not just a meal but also an incredible experience. New restaurants offering top-notch cuisine include Lake

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New Smyrna Beach incorporates a 21-mile stretch of snow-white sand, with limited dunes, some or pollution. A rock ledge located six to eight feet off the coast protects bathers from undercurrents, giving New Smyrna distinction as the World's Safest Floating Beach. The average temperature of 24° C allows for year-round

sunbathing, swimming, surfing, windsurfing, jet skiing and fishing.

New Smyrna Beach incorporates small town charm with history, culture, and, of course, brilliant Florida sunshine. This former island town is the second-oldest settled city in Florida, and one of the oldest in the United States. As one of America's top cities for the arts, New Smyrna Beach is home to several art shows and theaters featuring visual and performing arts.

Originally preserved and recently restored turn-of-the-century buildings line the streets of New Smyrna Beach. The shopping districts of Flagler Avenue and Canal Street have received more than \$200 million (U.S.) in renovations in recent years. They are now lined with majestic palm trees, red brick sidewalks and a brand new beach ramp and boardwalk.



Accommodations available at New Smyrna Beach are tasteful and affordable. The most popular type of lodging is family-size condominiums. Condos are plentiful and are located directly on the ocean or on the Intracoastal Waterway. Visitors also seek accommodation from one of the many hotels, motels, B & Bs or campgrounds.

For more information, contact New Smyrna Beach Area Visitors Bureau, 1-800-541-9621 or visit [www.newsmyrnabeachonline.com](http://www.newsmyrnabeachonline.com).

# St. Petersburg/Clearwater Area

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The St. Petersburg/Clearwater Area, known as Florida's Beach, offers 56 km of pristine, white, powder soft beaches, blanketed by a sun that shines on average of 361 days a year and brushed by the gentle, warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico. But there's something else that makes the beaches here so wonderful – their variety. They range from undeveloped, isolated shore highways to wide, crowded shorelines, to clean, exciting beaches offering everything a beach-lover could imagine.

Cultural opportunities abound – from world-class museums such as the Salvador Dali, to world-renowned performances and events such as the Clearwater Jazz Holiday. Superb weather brings many events outdoors.

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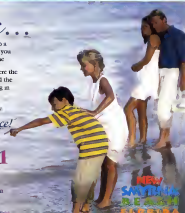
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## Disney dedicates a yearlong tribute to the creative spirit of its founder

### Celebrate 100 Years of Magic in true Disney style at all four Florida parks.

Walt Disney, the man whose dreams gave rise to a world of characters and stories cherished by generations, was born in Chicago on Dec. 5, 1901. To honor the centenary of his birth, the Walt Disney World Resort in Florida is hosting a grand yearlong celebration featuring spectacular parades, shows and new attractions at all four theme parks.

### Hats off to Disney magic & entertainment.

The most visible sign of the 100 Years of Magic Celebration, a huge Sorcerer Mickey hat, spans 37 metres above Disney-MGM Studios.

Made from composite fiberglass and shaped like the hat worn by Mickey Mouse in the animated classic *Fantasia*, the 156-tonne contraption on two shimmering ribbons "Mickey ears" loops and is actually tipped by a giant Mickey hand.

### A great excuse for a parade or two, or three, or four!

Walt loved parades. These days, the helix to his legacy was the latest technology to mount parades that would have left even Walt himself speechless. Quite simply, as John Haupt, Disney's managing producer for parades, puts it, "The 100 Years of Magic parades will be a fitting tribute to the extraordinary imagination of Walt Disney."

### Your park-by-park parade guide.

- At the **Magic Kingdom Park**, Mickey Mouse and 100 Disney characters star in *Show a Dream Come True*, with all-time favourite Disney moments captured in giant snow globes.
- Around **Disney-MGM Studios**, the *Disney Stars and Motor Cars* parade honours Walt Disney's career in motion

pictures. More than a dozen stars, from Aladdin to Luke Skywalker, Miss Piggy, Mary Poppins and, of course, Mickey, ride in extravagantly customized cars.

- Deep in **Disney's Animal Kingdom** Theme Park, a travelling interactive all-star street party features Disney characters "on expedition" with their animal friends



Picture *Animal* and energetic *Party Patrol* coax the audience into an unforgettable sing-along music fest.

- While at **Epcot**, the *21st Century of Dreams* parade celebrates children, Walt Disney's extraordinary imagination and the dreamer in all of us. Brilliant dream-spinner puppets conjure up spirits, angels, birds and other whimsical creations

### Up close and personal with an entertainment legend.

For the first time ever, cherished memorabilia from the Disney archives, including a rare collection of audio interviews, will be on display at **Disney-MGM Studios**. Walt Disney: One Man's Dream is an extraordinary multi-media gallery and film tribute to Walt Disney, the man. Throughout the gallery, scenic pieces and props create an experiential

trip through each era of Disney's life – ending with the company's vision for the future. "Walt always said he had one foot in the past and one in the future," says senior show producer/director Roger Holcomb of Walt Disney Imagineering. "We want to inspire the young creative minds of today to help invent the future."

### So many magic moments to remember.

Visitors to **Walt Disney World** Resort will find even more to celebrate.

There are all-new theme park attractions like *The Magic Carpets of Aladdin* and *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire: Play It!* plus computerized books that let you interact with the fascinating stories behind the Disney magic. Perhaps *Avatar* Journey, Director of Marketing and Sales for **Walt Disney World Parks & Resorts** in Canada sums it up best: "Nearly everyone can remember when they were first

taught by the magic of Disney." Jaworski says. "Here at the resort that bears Walt Disney's name, we'll give them a chance to share those memories and make new ones to last a lifetime."



Visit [www.disneyworld.com](http://www.disneyworld.com) for more on **Walt Disney World Resort** and the **100 Years of Magic** celebration, or call 1-800-955-4431 to get your **Free Vacation Planning Video**. \*Offer expires 2/15/02. Must be 18 years or older to order. Allow 3-4 weeks for delivery. One per household. ©Disney

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Florida offers Canadians an affordable and unforgettable vacation experience. There are so many choices in Florida — make sure you come visit from all!

## Florida offers Canadians travel without boundaries.

By air or ground travel Canadians arrive in Florida to enjoy a diverse array of vacation options to suit every budget. Everyone can enjoy a vacation in Florida; the state provides assistance to physically challenged travellers from accessible accommodations to specially-equipped beach wheelchairs.

**Florida - so easy to get to** with 12 international and 53 regional/airport airports offering international service. There are 12 interstate highways, the famous Florida Turnpike and nine other major expressways. There are 32 Amtrak stations, serving both east/west and north/south routes. A wealth of information on travelling to Florida is available to Canadians, and your choices are endless.

**Florida enjoys a moderate climate**, ranging from the balmy six states of the south to the four distinct seasons of the north. Canadians top the visitor list to Florida, because it's warm, friendly and so conveniently close.

**Florida boasts the best beaches.** With 2,160 km of coastline and 1,320 km of sandy beaches, not including five beaches on thousands of offshore keys and barrier islands, Florida offers "sun-drenched" getaways for all visitors.



**Florida offers fascinating historical sites.** From Victorian mansions to museums, cultural trails to famous people's winter estates, there is something to see and enjoy for everyone with historical interests.

**Florida - under the sea.** Florida has fabulous snorkeling and diving sites, along with every opportunity for boating activities. The Florida Keys offer a vast array of dive/snorkeling sites, with 55 different varieties of coral to view.

**Florida is naturally attractive.** There are 155 state parks and dozens of national forests, wildlife refuges and preserves. Discover millions of acres of unspoiled natural areas, coastline views and 7,800 lakes. Go wild and glimpse an alligator, canoe down pristine winding waterways, see a 3,500 year old Cypress tree or visit one of the largest and deepest freshwater springs in the world, the backdrop for a number of classic movies such as *Tarzan*.

**Florida loves sports.** Enjoy the sporting life — whether a participant or spectator. There are over 1,500 golf



courses throughout the state (1,290 are public). Wherever the sport, Florida has some of the finest facilities in North America to catch top NFL and college football, NBA basketball, baseball and pro ice hockey. Powerboat racing, NASCAR and Formula 1 auto racing, horse racing and competitive sports of all kinds are abundant in Florida.

**Florida loves Spas.** Florida has numerous warm mineral springs to enhance the natural attributes of the therapeutic treat. A stay in this warm and beautiful state does wonders for the soul with many spas to relax the mind and rejuvenate the body.

**Florida is fun!** Six of the nation's 10 most popular theme parks (Walt Disney World, Epcot Center, Disney MGM Studios, Universal's Islands of Adventure, SeaWorld of Florida and Busch Gardens Tampa) are located in Florida. If you are looking for thrills and excitement, Florida has it all.

To receive a free Florida Vacation Guide, contact 1-888-FLA-INFO, or log on to the Web site [www.visitfla.com](http://www.visitfla.com)

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## To Our Canadian Friends,

There has never been a better time to visit Florida!

That's because you'll now find fantastic bargains and discounts waiting for you in every corner of the state. Hotels, motels, attractions and many other Florida tourism businesses are offering savings like never before. You can find a complete list of these special offers and incentives by going to the [www.floridavac.com](http://www.floridavac.com) Web site and clicking on the "HOT FLORIDA VACATION DEALS" icon. You can also call 1-888-5-FLA-USA toll free to shop for the greatest savings. A Florida vacation has never been more affordable!

Lower prices also mean you can enjoy more of all that Florida has to offer. Our tropical splendor, beaches, and theme parks are as enticing as ever. But Florida is also home to fascinating historical sites, architectural wonders, an amazing array of cultural heritages, museums, art galleries and artistic endeavors of all kinds. Please visit the new "Culturally Florida" Web site, which is linked from our [www.floridavac.com](http://www.floridavac.com) homepage, to help you plan your cultural explorations.

No other destination offers the variety of enjoyable experiences that Florida does and no other visitors are as near and dear to us as our friends from Canada.

We look forward to welcoming you soon.

Sincerely yours,

Austin L. Mott, III  
President and CEO





# You could win a fabulous Florida Holiday!



Fax or mail the official FLORIDA SWEEPSTAKES Entry Form for your chance to win:

## Maclean's Florida Sweepstakes Holiday

Including roundtrip air flight for four adults to Orlando, Florida via CANADA 3000  
6-day/5-night hotel stay at the Hilton Daytona Oceanfront Resort,  
a Drive Happy™ Alamo rental car for 7 days  
and a 4-piece deluxe Samboro Luggage set.

### This Fabulous Florida Holiday Includes:

All other expenses: hotel & ground transfers to and from designated gateway airports, departure taxes, connector flights, bathroom surcharges, meal services, meals, overnight accommodations, groceries, travel-related fees, parking, any form of a personal motor vehicle are not included and are the responsibility of the winner and their travel companions.

Air travel must be taken between July 1st and December 15th, 2002, and is subject to the current program and flight schedule in time of booking. Sport is subject to availability and if four winners can't be used on the same itinerary. Blackout periods apply and travel may not be taken over statutory holidays. Airfare/Hotel/parking apply in time of booking.

- Four round trip Canada Class airfares from Toronto or Montreal to Orlando, Florida, between July 1 and December 15, 2002, via CANADA 3000 Airlines.
- Six daytime nights (with Sunday check-in and Friday check-out ONLY) hotel accommodation at the Hilton Daytona Oceanfront Resort (Blackout Dates: Oct. 17-21/02).
- An Alamo economy rental car for 7 days. • 4-piece deluxe Samboro Luggage set.

Open to Canadian residents 18 years and older in order to obtain the car rental component, winner or second prize must be 21 years or over and hold a valid driver's license. Approx. retail value of prize is \$8,400. (SIN) Sweepstakes ends in Canada only.

#### How to Enter

1. To enter, you must complete the Maclean's Florida Sweepstakes Official Entry Form and mail it to the address below or fax it to (416) 593-4634 or e-mail it to: Maclean's Florida Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 451, Station A, 145 The West Mall, Etobicoke, Ontario M9C 4V3.
2. Complete by November 5, 2002 and with no later than midnight Jan. 11, 2003.
3. To be eligible, Official Entry Forms must be received no later than midnight Jan. 11, 2003.
4. You may only enter once. No purchase necessary.
5. This contest is subject to all applicable federal, provincial and municipal laws. Contest winners may receive any figures regarding this contest on the days, the stock, the contest at the point of time they enter a complete set of the Official Canada Class by forwarding your request or writing to:

OFFICIAL CONTEST RULES  
Maclean's Florida Sweepstakes  
P.O. Box 451, Station A  
145 The West Mall, Etobicoke,  
Ontario M9C 4V3

#### How to Win

1. On July 14, 2002, one eligible winner will be selected by random draw. The first entry address will be eligible to win The Maclean's Florida Sweepstakes Holiday.
2. Starting Jan. 11, 2002, winners will be able to contact the official contact, at the telephone number and/or e-mail address on their Official Entry Form between 9:00 a.m. and 5:00 p.m. for a period of six working days. If an eligible winner cannot be contacted within the stated time window, no longer eligible to win and another winner will be drawn and the process of contacting the new contact will be repeated.
3. In order to be declared a winner, the selected winner must complete and sign a Release & Waiver Form and promptly answer a random telephone call and/or e-mail and answer questions asked at a mutually convenient time over the telephone. There will be only one opportunity to answer the telephone call during specified hours. An eligible winner who provides an incorrect answer will no longer be eligible to win a prize in this contest. The procedure outlined in points 1, 2 and 3 under How to Win will be followed until the Grand Prize is declared to have been awarded.
4. The odds of winning depend on the number of eligible Official Entry Forms received.



Hilton Daytona Beach Oceanfront Resort

The winner's package includes six days and five nights accommodation for four at the fabulous Hilton Daytona Beach Oceanfront Resort. Also included is one very special dinner at the hotel's Blue Water Grill, including tax and gratuity (excluding alcohol). To enhance your fun, we've included four tickets to Pirates Cove, Ormond Beach's mini-golf course, plus a gift certificate for Don Giovanni's Pizzeria. With VIP passes to Speed Park Motorsports, you'll experience the thrill of 0-75 mph in less than 3 seconds! Slow down just enough to discover a world of art, history and science at The Museum of Arts and Sciences. It's all part of Maclean's Florida Sweepstakes!

## COME AND JOIN IN THE FUN!

### SEND IN YOUR ENTRY FORM TODAY

Official Florida Sweepstakes Entry Form (Please print)



Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ Apt. \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Province \_\_\_\_\_  
Postal Code \_\_\_\_\_ Telephone (\_\_\_\_) \_\_\_\_\_  
E-mail Address \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

By signing I hereby declare that I have read, understood and complied with the Contest Rules.

I would like to receive more information from these contest sponsors:

- ☐ Daytona Beach ☐ Walt Disney World Resort ☐ Tallahassee  
☐ Orlando ☐ St Petersburg/Clearwater ☐ New Smyrna Beach  
☐ Amplis Foto ☐ CANADA 3000

Maclean's or other organizations may ask if they may mail to a list of some contest entrants to let them know about a product or service. If you prefer that we not provide your name and address, please check here: postal ☐ e-mail ☐

Mail this entry form to Maclean's Florida Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 451 Station A, 145 The West Mall, Etobicoke, Ontario M9C 4V3 or Fax this form to (416) 593-4634.

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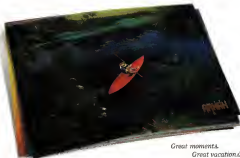


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Donald Cox

## A new energy crisis

Do the seasoned bear raids on Enron Corp. portend chaotic conditions in the energy markets? That is the \$64-billion question. Bearish stock markets are the indispensable scavengers of capitalism. They clean up the financial and economic landscape and kill off disease-carrying pests. True believers in free markets should rejoice when bears rush in after a prolonged period of misbehavior has fouled the financial environment.

Those of us who thought the energy industry would escape the great technology bear market may have been too complacent. In recent weeks, the biggest loser on the New York Stock Exchange has not been a tech stock, but Enron, a component of the Dow Jones utility index. Enron's high was \$93.06 a share, and as recently as August it was trading at \$45. In recent weeks, Enron's shares have plunged, closing last week below \$12. This collapse has sent shock waves through the capital markets. What may be even more significant for energy producers and users is the valuation of Enron's bonds: they are trading at distressed prices, offering yields comparable to junk bonds. The ratings services have turned highly negative on Enron, although they still rate it an investment-grade credit.

(I regret—oh how I regret—that I must decline before proceeding further that investment funds I manage have, at this writing, exposure to Enron stock, acquired at prices substantially above current markets.)

For Canadians unfamiliar with Enron and its place in U.S. energy markets, here is an introduction: Valérie summed up the entire 18th-century deistic proof of the existence of God by saying, "If God did not exist, it would be necessary to invent him." It's the same with Enron: U.S. energy markets needed a savior. Prior to Enron, those markets (other than crude oil) were relatively primitive and inefficient. Neither producers nor consumers had means to hedge their risks effectively, and long-term contracts were made—if at all—under circumstances of grossly inadequate information.

The futures market for natural gas was spotty and unreliable, and no futures market for electricity existed. Enter Enron. In the past half-dozen years, Enron became the greatest trading house for energy in the world. Its willingness to make markets in energy futures is almost any amount: transformed the markets for electric power and gave natural gas producers and consumers reliable hedging and financing opportunities, day in, day out.

By putting its own capital on the line to make trades, Enron created depth, liquidity and transparency in energy markets. So

acme were those traders that they gave price signals to all who would follow them. Conspicuous among those who didn't were the policy-makers in California, Hal Gov. Gray Davis and his top officials followed the developments in electricity futures, they would have realized the real nature of the risks facing consumers in the Golden State. Instead, they let a crisis develop, and then locked in long-term purchase contracts at all-time record-high prices just before they collapsed to normal levels.

By some estimates, Enron is on one side or the other of 25 per cent of all outstanding futures contracts in natural gas and electricity. Since these contracts extend years ahead, and since the other parties to those trades are relying on Enron's ability to cover its obligations, the risks to energy prices and supplies could be enormous if Enron were to default.

That still seems extremely improbable. Contracts entered through the public futures markets have the financial protection of those exchanges for Enron's "counterparties" (the term for the other side of a futures contract). But Enron has enormous exposure through direct deals that have no such protection.

What has hampered Enron's securities lately is the unfolding reality of gigantic off-balance-sheet deals the company made with partnerships that, incidentally, as it turns out, the chief financial officer, who was finally forced to go on

leave. These partnership deals were never fully disclosed, except in obscure balance sheet notes that gave no indication of the scale of the deals or that a senior treasury officer was involved.

Why should investors who own shares of Enron stock or bonds care? Because the past year has seen the biggest swings in natural gas and electricity prices in history, and some observers wonder whether Enron's internal problems exacerbated those swings. Worse, if Enron has to withdraw from the markets, what about the billions in forward hedging contracts that producers and consumers have in place? Many U.S. energy producers locked in high prices by making huge forward sales. If those contracts are voided, defaults could spread through the system, throwing energy markets into chaos.

There were enough problems in the energy-short U.S. even when Enron was keeping the markets functioning. If the master market maker goes down, or is forced to curtail its operations, this winter could be a truly chilling experience for North Americans. When Bush and Cheney aren't worrying about bin Laden or anthrax, they may be worrying about Enron. ■

Donald Cox is chairman of Florida Investments Management in Chicago and Toronto-based Jones Henshaw Investments.

# OVERCOMING DEPRESSION

One woman's terrifying odyssey through a nightmare of despair

BY SHARON DOYLE DRIEDGER

**D**epression hit me at a time when dreams were coming true. In April, 1998, I climbed the Eiffel Tower and strolled along the Tuileries with my husband and our teenage son and daughter. It was a special family holiday and my first European vacation, slightly less wacky, but with a lot more laughs than the Chevy Chase version. In May, I won a National Magazine Award, unexpected recognition for work I love. I loved my life. How could I be a woman on the verge of a nervous breakdown? Well, OK. Looking back, I remember feeling odd all the time. But that's normal for a wedding mother, isn't it? I remember feeling vaguely unwell and I remember a gnawing fear that the breast cancer I fought several years earlier had returned. But the two reasons were all clear. There was no catastrophe, no trauma that would explain what happened to me next.

On an ordinary, rainy November morning, for no particular reason, my life fell apart. The surreal scene plays over and over in a far corner of my mind, like a third-rate horror movie. I am at the office, working at my computer, when a dark, foggy presence closes in on me. My vision falters and the words on the screen blur into meaningless. In a panic, I scroll

through the files I had just written, but they are indecipherable, foreign. I can't read. I can't think. I can't move. A black, amorphous nothingness has clamped my brain, shut down my body. I feel numb and empty. I cry for an hour before I realize I can't stop.

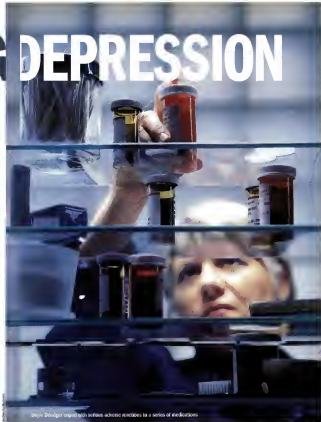
Somehow I manage to find my way home. When I turn the key in my front door just after noon, everything is familiar, except me. I watch myself walk from room to room, like a stranger. The emptiness I feel is now alarming. I sit in my favorite chair, I stand in the kitchen doorway. I pick up a photo, trying to find something, anything. Nothing reaches me. I am strangely detached, as if I had crossed some invisible line. Is this, I wonder, what it's like to lose your mind? I see no way back. I feel hopeless and helpless. And the worse it gets in come. I had no idea then that I suffered from a clinical depression so severe I would be unable to return to work for more than a year. I didn't know that the conventional treatments would ultimately fail me. All I wanted to do was sleep. I went upstairs to lie down and when I woke up after an hour or so, I couldn't move.

**D**epression is a lonely place. That is a sad and strange fact, given that nearly one in five Canadians will suffer from clinical depression at some point

in their lives. Like most, I tried to hide it, even from myself. In the months preceding my breakdown, I experienced a few symptoms—insomnia, difficulty concentrating and inexplicable tears—that made me wonder if I maybe, possibly, sort of, might have depression. But I am a woman. I have hormones. Probably just perimenopausal blues. I thought. My family doctor prescribed Prozac to help me ride out the slump. It made me feel weird, gassy. Besides, I don't like being lumped in with the pill-popping crowd who can't cope without a designer drug. So I stopped. Really, I should be able to get over it myself. I tell my kids, "How can do anything you put your mind to?" Why couldn't I think my way out of depression?

The diagnosis—a major depressive episode—feels like an accusation. Slumped in a leather chair in a psychiatrist's office, I am ready to take the blame. "What did I do wrong?" I ask, sweeping and pulling clumps of Kleenex out of the box on the small oak coffee table. "Depression is an illness, like diabetes," the kindly, upbeat doctor assures me. "Nobody knows precisely what causes depression." Depression, he explains, is a disorder of the brain that produces physical and mental symptoms. No matter what the initial trigger—genes, ill health, severe stress—people suffering from depression

the gloom that many continue to feel is, in most cases, a normal and mainly passing response to catastrophe, and not clinical depression—a persistent and debilitating illness that may be unresponsive to external events. And while the terrifying attacks could push a small number of people into the hell of despair, there is hope, and help. S.D.



Sharon Doyle Driedger's odyssey through despair unfolds in a series of meditations.

## A CASE HISTORY AMID THE COLLECTIVE PAIN

**I**t was with a sense of relief that I began writing this year to write about my experience with clinical depression. Then, on Sept. 11, everything changed. What, I wondered, was the relevance of one person's mental pain in the aftermath of horrific death and

destruction? My depressive episode is a tiny problem and is a sea of anguish. Yet the symptoms of depression are acutely amplified with grief. In depression, grief seems itself to be divided: an appetite loss, sleep problems, a sense of foreboding, an inability to focus. But

# I am an optimistic depressive, but after four or five drugs I lose patience. When eight drugs fail, I am convinced I am a hopeless case, doomed to spend the rest of my life in a foggy gloom.



have an imbalance in serotonin and other brain chemicals linked to mood. "Depression is treatable," he tells me. With the help of SSRIs—selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors—and other antidepressants, roughly 50 per cent of patients recover and another 30 per cent show substantial improvement, sometimes within weeks. I feel incredible, if passing, relief. My neurochemistry is out of whack. I won't have to spend hours on a shrink's couch, digging into my psyche for something that may have gone wrong in my childhood. I leave his office with a prescription for Serenide and a sliver of hope.

The Serenide starts to kick in after a few weeks. It gives me short bursts of nervous energy, enough to propel me to the shower, maybe to get dressed. But after an hour or two, the effect wears off and I slide back into tears and inertia. My doctor increases the dose. The drug holds me up, partway out of the well of misery, for as long as half a day. But the side-effects become more intense—dry mouth, so extreme the throat feels like it might, literally, vibrate, ring in my ears, eye pain, bladder problems, nervous agitation, odd neck—the list goes on. By the end of January, it is close the drug is not helping.

Before I can switch to Miltrex, an antidepressant that could be dangerous if combined with an SSRI, I have to let the Serenide wash out of my system. Withdrawing a hell of faster, nausea, night sweats and aches looms that last for more than a week. Then, sweet relief and surprise I feel—almost—like myself again. The confusion, grogginess, memory problems, anxiety—symptoms I thought were caused by the depression—seem to disappear along with the Serenide. I can see the doctor and feel, briefly, in my newfound clarity.

Three days later, I fall into a deeper, sharper depression. I realize I need the drug. They blur my mind and afflict my body, but they dull the unbearable pain. I'm willing to pay the price.

Serenide is trying to figure out why some antidepressants work for some patients and not for others. In the meantime, treatment is a matter of trial and error. "There are lots of other drugs," my doctor tells me. "We will find one that will help with a crushing fatigue. I can't move out of bed. I don't have the energy to lift a fork, to chew my food. I lose 20 lb. in less than two months. I can't sleep. I can't talk. Something's wrong with my brain. I find out the hard way that depression is not just in my head. It's a real, physical ailment."

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you." Although most antidepressants work on the same principle—of modifying levels of neurotransmitters linked to mood—each chemical configuration varies, producing somewhat different effects. Some antidepressants increase serotonin levels, others enhance norepinephrine. Some drugs merge, others are combining. The most up-to-date treatment for depression relies on the science, and art, of administering and combining any of the dozens of available antidepressants, along with a cluster of tranquilizers, anti-anxiety drugs or other medications that might balance or augment their effects. In my two-year pharmaceutical odyssey, my doctor prescribes more different drugs: Prozac, Paxil, Serenide, Zoloft, Wellbutrin, Miltrex, Effexor, nortriptyline and Celebra.

A pattern emerges, my hopes soar with each new drug. I wait and I watch for the smallest sign of improvement. My doctor monitors my reactions, adjusts the dosage. It's risky. Antidepressants may cause so-called paradoxical effects—memory loss, confusion, anxiety, insomnia—the very symptoms they are intended to cure. Some provide no relief, others help a little. In every case, the side-effects become intolerable. Wellbutrin remains up to much like I sleep. Miltrex merits a note in my journal for sending "a wonderful, swirling flow through my body." I end up in emergency five days later with swollen legs and a rash around my neck. Unfortunately, I am allergic to Miltrex. Effexor makes my hands tremble, my mind dizzy. Nortriptyline, a tricyclic, one of a class of drugs that fell out of favour when Prozac went on the market in 1989, hits my mood, concentration and energy levels. But the side-effects—dry mouth, weight gain, constipation, urine retention, dizziness, fainting, hot flashes, agitation, anxiety, panic attacks—are numerous, more

unpleasant, unbearable. I am an optimistic depressive, but after four or five drugs I lose patience. Family and friends can only watch and listen. I am alone in the ring with an insatiable illness. My disability leaves me searching on and on. With I have to waste another two months coping with debilitating side-effects only to find another drug won't work. I ponder my doctor about Saint-John's-wort. Why shouldn't I try the popular herbal remedy? He points to studies that show it only works for mild to moderate depression and challenges my assumption that natural means safe and side-effect free. When eight drugs fail, I am convinced I am a hopeless case, doomed to spend the rest of my life in a foggy gloom.

There's nothing funny about depression, although I almost laugh when Bobby McFerrin's light and breezy *Don't Worry Be Happy* plays on the office speaker as I sit, frozen and numb-eyed, in the psychiatrist's waiting room. But as Andrew Solomon, *American son* of the brilliant memoir *The Noonday Demon*, writes, all too accurately "Depression is ridiculous." I mean, I know *Andrew That* should not hold such deep meaning for me. I understand, on some level, that spending a spider on the bathroom wall, only as a reason to conclude my house should be demolished. And I question my ability to identify so completely with Tony Soprano that I, too, resort to Uncle Junior.

In the darkest moments, I wish for a reassurance of my brain cancer. At least that would be a real illness. I look for any excuse. In one black fantasy I picture myself as an inmate in a crowded senior's home. The crowd disperses and I am gone. Conscientiously, pitilessly, I fade into the background.

and, ultimately, unbearable.

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Mostly, I feel fine. I sleep well through black, scary days. Miltrex puts me back to sleep. I cry myself, in funny movies, on the phone with friends on the subway. The tears flow randomly, absurdly unconnected to my feelings. My thoughts are muddled. Simple tasks, like organizing the coffee tray, are an intricately daunting. I make it to the grocery near-sea dry, but at the middle of the canned goods aisle I am overcome with confusion, trying to find the four items on my list.

I'd be crazy not to want a quick fix. That's why I fight on the search for the right drug. Effexor, too, my doctor tells me. I'm a jagger and I know about endorphins high. Good idea. It had the energy to move. Eventually, I drag myself out of bed, go to the gym and walk, crying, once around the track. I run for half a lap, produce more sweat than tears, and then collapse. It's a start.

My doctor is not a believer but he encourages me to try. There is evidence that medication can have a positive influence on brain chemistry. I force myself to move, to do something, anything, even for a few minutes. I start with small victories. I get up, get dressed. Gradually, I talk therapy, art therapy, bibliotherapy, light therapy, yoga, meditation—anything that might help pull me out of depression. I collect names of people with depression: Winston Churchill, J.K. Rowling, Mother Teresa. I try not to think about Sylvia Plath. I add songs I like to my day.

In May 1999, my doctor writes me a prescription for Celebra, a brand-new drug. Although its side-effects are milder than other SSRIs, there are several—dry mouth, a dragging fatigue and a feeling of weakness in my muscles and bones. A hunka-bunga.



Churchill



Rowling



Mother Teresa



Churchill



Churchill



Churchill



Churchill



Churchill



Churchill



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Churchill



Churchill

Mostly, I feel fine. I sleep well through black, scary days. Miltrex puts me back to sleep. I cry myself, in funny movies, on the phone with friends on the subway. The tears flow randomly, absurdly unconnected to my feelings. My thoughts are muddled. Simple tasks, like organizing the coffee tray, are an intricately daunting. I make it to the grocery near-sea dry, but at the middle of the canned goods aisle I am overcome with confusion, trying to find the four items on my list.

I'd be crazy not to want a quick fix. That's why I fight on the search for the right drug. Effexor, too, my doctor tells me. I'm a jagger and I know about endorphins high. Good idea. It had the energy to move. Eventually, I drag myself out of bed, go to the gym and walk, crying, once around the track. I run for half a lap, produce more sweat than tears, and then collapse. It's a start.

My doctor is not a believer but he encourages me to try. There is evidence that medication can have a positive influence on brain chemistry. I force myself to move, to do something, anything, even for a few minutes. I start with small victories. I get up, get dressed. Gradually, I talk therapy, art therapy, bibliotherapy, light therapy, yoga, meditation—anything that might help pull me out of depression. I collect names of people with depression: Winston Churchill, J.K. Rowling, Mother Teresa. I try not to think about Sylvia Plath. I add songs I like to my day.

In May 1999, my doctor writes me a prescription for Celebra, a brand-new drug. Although its side-effects are milder than other SSRIs, there are several—dry mouth, a dragging fatigue and a feeling of weakness in my muscles and bones. A hunka-bunga.

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## A PILL THAT WORKS FOR MANY IS IN A LEGAL LIMBO

The latest candidate to Prozac is not a herb, a vitamin or a high-tech pharmaceutical. SAMe—the common name for 5-methyltetrahydrofolate—is a component of every living cell. Unlike re-  
searchers discovered for commercial production in the body has an essential role and found to exist and other proteins. In the 1950s, it took decades to figure out how to manufacture a usable form of the available molecule. But by the early 1970s, scientists began to realize that SAMe could help alleviate symptoms of neurodegeneration and improve mood and liver function, with few and mild side effects.

Widely used in Europe as a prescription treatment for depression since 1978, SAMe only appeared in North America in 1999. Sold as a nutritional supplement, it became an instant hit in health-food stores. But after six months of soaring sales, Health Canada rescinded SAMe as a new drug and ordered it off the shelves. Government regulators suspect manufacturers and retailers of new products to subsidize health

claims—an expensive undertaking.

"That could cost \$1 million and we would never recover our costs," says Don Elliott, Vancouver-based director of regulatory affairs for Quest Diagnostics, a division of multinational biotechnology Canada Inc. Like other manufacturers, Quest is waiting for a clearer approval process to be established soon by Health Canada. So SAMe is caught in an administrative limbo that will not end until sometime next year. In the meantime, Health Canada allows consumers to request a three-month supply for personal use. In the United States, it's available over the counter in pharmacies and health-food stores.

"A lot of patients know about SAMe," says Toronto psychiatrist Anthony Levitt, who has prescribed it for drug-resistant depression since 1995, under a special access program. "We don't see any problems." Trials have found it effective for 40 per cent of people who try it, making it roughly comparable to other antidepressants. SAMe typically starts to relieve depression in

from the United States, where it is classified as a dietary supplement. But after several inquiries, one downstream programmer looks me over, pulls a bottle of pills out from under the counter and says, with a smile, "I have my sources." At \$500 for a one-month supply, SAMe is expensive. But Levitt worth it.

My first work on SAMe is nerve-racking. The therapeutic dose is eight tablets a day. I start with two. SAMe has few known side effects—mild, transient headaches, gastrointestinal complaints and a caffeine-like jitters—and I experience them all. I persevere, gradually increasing my intake. After five or six days on SAMe, I notice a small improvement. After just two weeks, I feel balanced, steady. SAMe is by no means a cure, but it sets the stage for recovery. Now, after six months, I continue to notice a growing sense of well-being.

Sometimes, from the drug perspective of mental health, I wonder why I endured so many side effects. I want to go back to my usual state of mind and shake myself and yell, "Just those drugs." And the truth is, depression is so unexpectedly painful that I'd had not

about drugs, compared with two to four weeks for standard antidepressants. Some patients report mild, transient headaches, gastrointestinal complaints or a caffeine-like agitation. Levitt believes the chance of patients having side effects is low. "It is such a ubiquitous substance in the body," he says. "When you are taking SAMe you are merely supplementing something that is already present in every cell."

Still, he and most other doctors hesitate to recommend SAMe until it attains the scientific status of a proven drug. "I have reservations," says Levitt. "We don't know the long-term effects. Just because a product is 'natural' doesn't necessarily mean it is safe or effective."

Besides, as with any unregulated product, it's hard to be sure what you're actually getting in a bottle, says Braden Rothstein, a Toronto-based neuropharmacologist and co-author of *Stop Depression Now*, a 2000 book about SAMe. Assuming the level of SAMe in several brands sold in the United States, Rothstein found three that contained "several percent." So for it's a case of buyer beware. **S.D.P.**

atic drugs that block dopamine levels. Now, scientists understand that an increase in dopamine levels in the brain leads to a corresponding drop in dopamine. At the same time, after widespread use of the SSRIs in large populations, reports are surfacing of risk and other medication side-effects including, rarely, irregular heartbeat. So now what?

My doctor recommends SAMe—short for 5-methyltetrahydrofolate—a natural supplement that is widely popular in the United States. SAMe (pronounced sammy) has been used for more than 25 years in Europe, where it is available as a treatment for depression and neurodegeneration. Several studies show it to work as well as standard antidepressants, with only a few mild side effects. Still, my doctor warns: "The long-term safety is unknown."

At first, I can't find SAMe. The health-food stores and pharmacies I visit no longer carry it, since the federal government prohibited its sale in 1999. One helpful clerk suggests that I order it over the Internet, since Health Canada allows consumers to bring in a three-month supply

final SAMe, and had not responded to it, I may have decided to stick with the dreaded antidepressants. Besides, it's the government regulators, pharmaceutical companies and the medical establishment that need the shaking up. Why can't I buy SAMe here? Why do I have to order it from the United States? Why are we preoccupied with the potential dangers of SAMe, which has a clear record as a prescription drug in Europe? What are the warnings about the emerging side-effects of SSRIs? Why are they prescribed for children?

Although it has worked wonders for me, I know SAMe is not a magic bullet. There are risks with it, too. And it could simply stop working. Depression is a complex illness with myriad causes and, for many of us, healing takes more than a pill. In the two years it took to find my "quick fix," I slowly, painstakingly reclaimed my health through meditation, better sleep and diet, counselling, medication, yoga and prayer. In my quest, it helps to have SAMe in the mix. Why shouldn't I have it? These more dreams to pursue. **■**

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# NOT TONIGHT, DEAR,



# I'M FEELING BETTER

The drugs that relieve depression also sap the libido

BY KRISTIN JENKINS

**A**fter battling mood swings and undergoing psychotherapy for years, the 48-year-old mother of three—call her Marilyn—agreed to try Zoloft, one of the relatively new generation of antidepressants. That was in 1995, and although her mood was much more stable within the first month, her interest in sex just disappeared. Four months later, Marilyn began to feel lonely. The

PMS, the crying jags and the suicidal thoughts came back. “It just stopped working,” she says.

With her physician, Marilyn embarked on a quest for the right antidepressant. She dutifully tested out Prozac, a close relative of Zoloft, for three months, but “it never clicked,” she says. “It just didn’t seem to work for me.” So she switched to another sterile medication, Citalopram. That was almost two years ago, and Marilyn now says she has more energy, less anxiety and feels

much stronger. “I’m able to cope with things I have more of a sense of what I want out of life.” That’s just one problem; her indifference to sex is back and she has difficulty achieving orgasm.

It’s modern-day Canada: a pill that lifts the mood also turns the genitals to stone. And while the individual details vary, Marilyn’s story has become all too common. Half or more of people taking antidepressants may experience sexual side-effects, say clinicians, including loss of desire or difficulty becoming aroused and achieving orgasm. Women are affected more than men, simply because twice as



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## With antidepressants, sexual dysfunction becomes an issue once the mood improves but performance in the bedroom doesn't



many women as men are diagnosed and treated for depression.

Few patients consider sexual dysfunction a problem when antidepressant therapy begins. In most cases, their libido has already been flattered by their condition, but it becomes an issue once mood improves but performance in the bedroom doesn't. The primary culprits now appear to be the handful of antidepressants known as SSRIs (selective serotonin reuptake inhibitors), which include Zoloft, Prozac and Celexa as well as the original, Prozac, now 15 years old.

Early reports about Prozac suggested only two to three per cent of patients had sexual side-effects. But clinical practice guidelines published in June by the Canadian Psychiatric Association acknowledge that 30 to 50 per cent of patients treated with SSRIs experience sexual dysfunction. Some clinicians say the problem is even worse. Dr. John Lamoat of McMaster University in Hamilton says the rate of patients on antidepressant therapy experiencing sexual side-effects is close to 70 per cent. "This is probably true of all the SSRIs," says Lamoat, who specializes in sexual medicine and couple therapy. "My general impression is the most potent the antidepressant effect, the more likely it is to affect sexual function."

Few studies have been done comparing the impact of the various antidepressants on sexual function, but "the SSRIs are probably worse" than previous generations of antidepressants, says Dr. Pamela Forythe, a community-based psychiatrist in Saint John, N.B. Meanwhile, she points out, with patients now tending to stay on antidepressant medications for longer periods, sexual side-effects, particularly among those who are generally feeling well, become "less tolerable."

Twenty years ago, patients took an antidepressant for three to six months before going on a lower "maintenance" dose. Now, patients prescribed an SSRI

are encouraged to stay on the original dosage for up to a year, particularly if they've experienced numerous bouts of depression. "The more previous episodes of depression a person has had, the greater the risk for recurrence," explains Dr. Sid Kennedy, head of the mood and anxiety program at the University of Toronto and the Centre for Addiction and Mental Health.

Kennedy and Vancouver psychiatrist Raymond Lam co-authored the guidelines that have become the new "bible" for physicians treating depression. They recommend at least two years of antidepressant therapy for patients who have had two or more bouts of depression in a five-year period, as well as for patients with difficult-to-treat or severe episodes. But when it comes to having a sex life during medication, patients need to know that it's not all or nothing, says Kennedy. "If the sexual side-effect is a major issue, there are alternatives."

Patients such as Marilyn may embark on a trial-and-error quest for the antidepressant that will lift mood and let them have a sex life, too. Or the physician may lower the dose of one antidepressant and add a second with fewer reported sexual side-effects. For some men and women on SSRIs, taking the impotence drug Viagra may be an option. One University of Arizona study involving 30 men found that Viagra produced a significant decrease in antidepressant-related sexual side-effects among 75 per cent of them, and similar studies suggest women may benefit as well.

But stabilizing a depressed person's mood must come first, notes Dr. Michael Myers, director of the marital therapy clinic at St. Paul's Hospital in Vancouver and president of the Canadian Psychiatric Association. "You really want the patient on some firm," he says, "before you start fiddling with antidepressants."

The SSRIs and other newer antidepres-

sants generally boast fewer side-effects than some of the older drugs such as tricyclic antidepressants and MAOIs (monoamine oxidase inhibitors). But some patients still report nausea and dizziness. According to clinicians, these early side-effects usually clear up within a week or two. Sexual problems, however, are another matter. "They may not become apparent until treatment has been under way for several weeks, even months," says Kennedy. Paradoxically, antidepressants can even improve desire among some patients, only to leave them incapable of achieving climax. In fact, SSRIs are so well known for delaying orgasm, that some, including Zoloft, have been used to treat premature ejaculation.

Clinicians report that some patients simply settle for feeling better generally and accept that they have to work harder at having an orgasm. Others, who have lost desire, decide to forgo sex since everything else in their lives is better. Then there are those who stop taking the drugs, leaving themselves in danger of a relapse of their depression. "The biggest risk," says Lamoat, "is that up to 30 per cent of patients go off their medication without telling anyone." Forythe agrees that problem warrants attention. "We need to acknowledge that sexual dysfunction is one of the side-effects," she says, "and make sure the patient understands that it's important to stick with treatment long enough that it can be safely discontinued."

If research into newer antidepressants with fewer side-effects bears fruit, relief from depression may no longer have to compete with sexual satisfaction. In the interim, Marilyn may stay on her medication and try to adapt to her diminished sex life. "It's selfish, but I prefer to be in a better mood," says Marilyn, who used to make love with her husband every week; now it's once every three weeks. "I feel that I'm a better mother and that's important. I'm not missing sex that much."

## So secretive, they won't even tell us what they're investigating.



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Andrew says his family's hospital experience is his biggest fear. "I don't want to go back," he says. "I don't want to go back."

## Are we being served?

Patients and caregivers alike are losing confidence in the health system

BY CELIA MILNE

**Y**ou know things have changed when people say they feel sorry for their doctors and nurses. Ian Andrew of Whitley, N.S., experienced the feeling when his mother, Delys, had her hips replaced in the fall of 1999. While he was "blown away" by the excellent care he received at Valley Regional Hospital in nearby Kentville, he says he could see that her caregivers were weary and frustrated. "Physicians and nurses are being walloped to death," he says. "I don't see how they can keep their sense of humour and bedside manner." Andrew, a 56-year-old father who stays home with two-year-old Maggie

and six-year-old twins Jade and Michael, says the atmosphere was palpably more chaotic at the regional hospital than it was when his wife, Terriyana, gave birth to the twins in Halifax in 1995. "People are far more busy, far more rushed," he says. "When do they burn out? When does the system start to not focus on the patient?"

Concerns like Andrew's are endemic among fellow participants in a comprehensive new survey of attitudes towards health care in Canada (page 45). It finds majorities of the public (54 per cent), doctors (61 per cent) and nurses (66 per cent) saying their confidence in the system is falling. But while both users and suppliers of health care show alarm at the direction

things are going, they often disagree on the specifics of the problem. Seven out of 10 doctors still believe that Canadians are getting quality care (although that is down from 76 per cent in 1998). Nurses, at 61 per cent, are less convinced. And just half of the public at large (49 per cent) is satisfied with the quality of care.

One important factor in those differing perceptions is the notoriously long waiting times for cancer therapies, diagnostic tests and other procedures. Patients, not surprisingly, consider long waits detrimental to good care. Caregivers, however, tend to focus on what happens once the wait is over. Yes, there are unacceptable delays, says respondent Dr. Doug McMillan, 54,

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# PROFILE IN COURAGE



Leading a punch on Muhammad Ali, Toronto, March 29, 1966

George Chuvalo held his own in the ring, but never won a world championship. It was character and courage that made him a national hero.

*Profile has been an essential ingredient of Maclean's since shortly after the magazine's birth in 1965. From Mary Pickford to Mary Webb, from John Diefenderfer to Joan Christie, Maclean's has told the stories of prominent Canadians. Now, Prepress Canada has published Maclean's People: A Gallery of Canadian Greats, a collection of 62 profiles from the magazine's archives. Among those featured is George Chuvalo, the colourful Canadian heavyweight champion over those decades. In his prime, Chuvalo challenged all the big names, the world champs of his era: George Foreman, Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali. When then-Maclean's Senior Writer Barbara Anand profiled him for the magazine on Jan. 26, 1977, then, the 40-year-old Chuvalo had been out of boxing for more than two years and was entering for a comeback. But as Anand discovered, Chuvalo had more than a return to the ring in mind. An excerpt*

## HE WAS OUR GREAT CANADIAN HOPE.

George Chuvalo, the flu-faced, high-chested, broad son of Herzegovinian parents whose forefathers had survived the massacres of the Balkans, the hostilities of the Serbs, and made it from Yugoslavia to the relative paradise of Toronto's west end.

His mother was as good at plucking chickens that her boss let her bring her only son to the chicken-processing factory where she worked. So it was that Irving Ungerman, the poultry czar of Ontario, came to notice George Chuvalo's baby carriage.

By 17, Chuvalo was Canadian amateur heavyweight champion. At 21, he was a professional and the Canadian heavyweight champion. But being heavyweight champion brings in something slightly below the salary of your average chicken plucker in a country like Canada. Chuvalo just didn't have the connections or the cash to move into the big leagues and promote himself. So in 1964, Ungerman became his manager. Fueled by a desire to see not only George's name in lights but his own as well, he went about spending the money necessary to bank into the big time. The big payoffs: The big names: Joe Frazier, Muhammad Ali. As much as \$65,000 a fight for Chuvalo and little more than co-

peries going to Ungerman, together with the advance cash of being in there talking it up and agreeing with the Beautiful Black Cats.

Ungerman and Chuvalo. They came close, but they never quite made it to the top. They were always one fight away from the big payoffs, the exposure with the million-dollar purse and the cloud-circled TV rights worth a few more million with the requisite drink-and-sequin dodges betting more money. If he had beaten Ernie Terrell if he had won against Patterson.

All the same, he was sure. The first Canadian heavyweight to be in the ring. A man who couldn't, wouldn't be knocked down. "A punching bag," said



The boxer is trading for a comeback

Ring magazine, more correctly without a note of respect for the Canadian fighter who seemed unprovoked to pass, whose thighs would wobble and knees buckle, seem unfed to run to jelly, but when then would move forward again, even when, as in the fight with Frazier, one eyeball had been knocked out of its socket and the other eye was a bit so that all he could see was a flickering shadow. "Quiet in a fight," says Chuvalo. "You never quit. That's the most humiliating thing is the whole world."

He made money too. About \$500,000, maybe a little more, says Ungerman, trying to add up Chuvalo's income in 10 years of fighting. Not bad for a kid with a Grade 12 education. And in spite of the 95 fights (76 wins—including about 70 knockouts—17 losses, and two draws), all he had to show for it was a couple of small scars beneath one eye and around the bridge of his nose, faded and masked by heavily

Herzegovinian concealing. No standing speech, slanted words, just the thick macao talk common to prizefighters who seem to feel a compulsion to speak in double time just in case they get knocked out before completing a sentence.

Still, the money situation was always uncertain. Chuvalo was a top heavyweight—at its peak during the '60s, Ring magazine rated him number 3 in the world—but in North American pay boxing it doesn't really count unless you're number 1. A domestic, a lawyer, even a hockey or basketball player can get by just being good, but in boxing you don't make it as a contender. Half a million bucks looks nice made in just 10 years, but it spreads pretty thin over the next 20 or 30 when going 15 rounds is 15 too many, and when, if you're not at the top, you're nowhere.

**GEORGE CHUVALO** is in training for his March 7 fight against Bobby (Pretty Boy) Feltman. He is in Toronto's Lansdowne Youth Athletic Club above an auto-body shop that never appears to be open. The smell of gasoline stinks permeates every floor of the building. Once upon a time, the gym had windows, but now they have been boarded up and covered with posters of boxes, medals and such toys. In the yellow electric light of the Lansdowne, it's always night. The pitifully 40-year-old Chuvalo, who has fought more than two years ago, lugs in his equipment, spends 20 minutes or so at three rounds with a punching bag and a bit of skipping and knee jerks that look highly unlikely to make much of a dent in the near 270-lb frame he is hauling around three weeks after training started. He had put on about five pounds.

Having sweated, wheezed and sweated his way through the training session, Chuvalo gets ready to leave the gym and make a few deals. For Chuvalo, life is deals. The \$2,000 bonus: seeing him in his house is a "deal" in return for showing up to sign autographs at a local Dodge-Chrysler dealership, the jeans he wants to buy for his kids are "deals" at a warehouse out in the east end and the modified conversation hotel in

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## Maclean's Excerpt

doctors, showrooms or on telephones—all rendered unusable by a boxing punch inconceivable to the uninitiated—see deals. The fight on March 7 is another deal, and Charvato is personally working on the right angles. But he's worried about the promoters.

This time, Uggeman has checked out. As far as he's concerned, Charvato shouldn't be boxing anyone, and besides, he's worried about the people getting involved in this particular deal.

The Toronto promoters of the Charvato-Felstein fight have incorporated themselves as Gemini Promotions Inc. They estimate that the fight will cost about \$30,000 (\$10,000 in prize money to Charvato, \$5,000 to Felstein), with at least half of that needed up front. While Gemini is planning on using the fight to establish its credibility and then quickly move into the more lucrative field of such concerts, George Charvato is planning to use the fight to push his latest venture. It had been some time now since George had launched a business of his own and he wanted to "start something that would run itself." But what?

Enter Arnold Foote. In his native Jamaica, where he headed his own marketing and promotion firm, Arnold Foote wielded a great deal of power until Michael Manley was first elected prime minister and Arnold became persona non grata. There was the little matter of his passport being temporarily lifted by authorities, who seemed peeved that Foote had run the advertising campaign for Manley's opponent in Jamaica's 1972 election, former prime minister Hugh Shearer. Just how this polished Jamaican aristocrat of careful tastes in wine, and a penchant for old mahogany furniture and good silver, met up with Charvato is one of those little possibilities of fate that neither seems to want to explain. But once they did, and Foote grabbed the obvious "Charvato's Fruit Puncher" he exclaimed.

The Foote-Charvato team set about developing a line of fruit drinks in lightweight, middleweight and heavyweight sizes and enlisted a well-known independent Canadian food processor, SunFruit Foods, to help them. In the tired laboratories of SunFruit, suitable amounts of fruit

concentrator and chemicals were sifted, filtered and used to produce the appropriate taste.

Fruit marketing is not a simple business. Developing a fruit punch is one thing. Getting the chain stores to list it on their competitors is quite another. That requires capital, a good broker and a good gimmick. The gimmick was clearly Charvato's name, but he had been out of action for some time and his currency needed some updating. A title fight for the Canadian heavyweight boxing championship would solve that.

By January of this year, the Charvato Fruit Puncher was still out in the stores and production was already two months behind schedule. And by January, Charvato had at least 40 lbs. to lose to get into fighting shape, and two months in which to do it. But in spite of the dirt predictions of food brokers ("these guys are in for a big shock if they think the Charvato name will get them on the shelves"), the heightened training program for the fight, the sleek appearance of the boxing gear and the cynical sports-columnists, were rewarded some gold among the fans and that gold was George Charvato himself.

Making and missing appointments, beginning businesses and coming back to start new ones all over again, moving, wheeling, dealing and dealing with a promiscuous that sound out the nickel-and-dime strictures of temporary camp followers and along-for-the-ride business associates, it was Charvato who would go the distance. In all his fights, they had never knocked him down. Commentators could make fun of stolid Charvato standing there, legs apart like a mandarin Colossus, taking, taking critical physical punishment, but there remained a dignity about a man who would not show in the towel and take the easy way out. There was a quality of spirit that astounded observers (who themselves would wince at the glance of a spindly schoolteacher) could never understand. And in life, as in the ring, Charvato will arrive with some personal dignity. Whether he goes into the ring on March 7 to make one last stand, or to flag some fruit punchers, or just to pick up a needed \$10,000, he will do it with charm and with pan.



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## People Edited by Sharrin Devel



## Who knew Vince Vaughn was so shy?

**O**ne would not expect Vince Vaughn to be shy. The 31-year-old actor has played everything from Norman Bates in the 1998 remake of *Psycho* to the fast-casting, "beautiful butane"-drinking underplayed actor in *Swingers*. His latest role is as an ill-mannered neighbor in *Deerhoof*. But the six-foot-five Vaughn is surprisingly uncomfortable. Shifting on a sofa, his grey cat too short in the chair, Vaughn jiggles his knees nervously. At times, he sits on his hands. To the question, "What aspect of your personality would you like to explore in a role?" Vaughn answers, without hesitation, "Very shy."

The low-budget deeper hit, *Swingers*, launched Vaughn, a Minneapolis native, into the spotlight when he was 26 years old. Despite many other movie offers, he

refused to follow the teen idol route. "I think I technically ran away from it to some degree," he says, lighting his second cigarette in 10 minutes. "It just wasn't my thing. The more rewarding is in for you." Vaughn stops moving for a moment while he computes the comment: he has forgoing to that required to be a lover. "You have to know someone to build a relationship because it forces you to think and change, a pure demands on you, and the same is true with work," he says. "I never had the desire or motivation enough for anything else." Speech finished, Vaughn sits back in the sofa and shows his hands underneath him once more.

Read the interview with Vince Vaughn online [www.fox.com](http://www.fox.com)

## Naturally high

**G**uys with really high voices are breaking a comeback. And leading the pack is 31-year-old Ontario-born countertenor Daniel Taylor. Although Taylor has won *Oscar* Awards, performs about 100 concerts a year, and has released a new CD, *House!*—*Saved Amos*, his talent has not always been in fashion.

During the 17th and 18th centuries, boys were castrated before puberty to attain the development of their vocal chords. Eventually, the practice was deemed illegal. When the last known castrato died in the early 20th century, the demand for males with a high vocal range almost disappeared. And before the reuse of



Taylor's all male

castrato voices—and more desired female and male audiences among "The people who are uncomfortable," says Taylor, who lives in Montreal, "are probably more uncomfortable with their own sexuality or their own masculinity."

Due to the history and the nature of the countertenor voice, Taylor admits that questions are asked about his sexual orientation. But since he's not gay. And he's confident that any homophobic people have about his voice will disappear when the deeper message and sacredness of the music he performs is revealed.

## Jane, minus the frills

**J**ane Siberry has been putting down lately. She has given away 20 percent of her belongings, and she's not to accept gifts. She also says, "It's just how things go now and get it of things you like." The 40-year-old singer-songwriter says the just wants to embrace change and is applying this to the office and at work. On just that, she has taken with her the car of a home—a stuffed bunny, jewelry, spirit-gifted coffee and a Bodum. Currently on her North American tour, Siberry is giving "pop free." And if this means her debuting talent online, so be it.



Siberry recently released her 12th album, *City*, a collection of past collaborations with the likes of Joe Jackson and Peter Gabriel. Available only through her Web site, [www.janesiberry.com](http://www.janesiberry.com), the CD includes *Calling All Angels* and *I Can't Breathe At the Time*, including *Don't Worry*. It shows how Siberry's music has matured since her 1984 song *Missy on the Beach*, although she could have taken the discards after this. Siberry never succumbed to the temptations of success. Her most valued time is spent at her local school, *Sidney, Ont.*, which she will continue until she's 100. "It makes you feel more secure," she says. "If you're used to making do with very little."

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## History



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Ottawa, rediscovered her past

## A mysterious tragedy

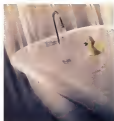
New facts emerge about nine dead peacekeepers

BY SUE FERGUSON in Milgrove

Amanda Van Horne keeps the memories of a trauma close to her dining-room table: three yellowed newspaper clippings, eight tightly scripted funeral letters and a death certificate. Along with some water-damaged family photos, these are the only traces of a man she knew for seven years—but father, Capt. Robert Wicks, *thoroughly* the Milgrove, Ont., farmer and mother of two young girls jumps up and conducts a search of an adjacent bedroom, returning with a silver bracelet to add to the mix. From every other loop in its chain dangles a charm. The bracelet, with a tiny silver water patcher and jade car already attached, was among her 39-year-old father's belongings, shipped home after his

death in Syria on Aug. 9, 1974. "We added to it," she says of the souvenir Wicks had intended to present her. "But I have never worn it."

Wicks was one of nine Canadian peacekeepers to die that day when the Buffalo 461 aircraft he was navigating crashed. The plane was descending into Damascus on a regular supply run en route to a United Nations base on the Golan Heights when it came under attack from three surface-to-air missiles. On board with the London, Ont., native, were four other crewmen (Capt. Gerry Foster of Calgary, Capt. Keith Masau of Self's, Capt. Mike MacCann of St. John's, Nfld., Master Cpl. Ronald Spencer of Montreal and Cpl. Bruce Stricker of Kitchener, Ont.) and four passengers (Cpl. Morris Kensington, Master Warrant Officer George Kerepova of Angus, Ont., Master Warrant



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## History

Officer Gannon Landry of St-François d'Assise, Que., and Cpl. Michael Simpson of Toronto. The nine dead made the incident the single largest loss of life—one of a total of 112 military deaths—in Canadian peacekeeping history.

While news of President Richard Nixon's resignation dominated the airwaves that day, those nine families paid scant attention. Their thoughts were tuned to a short report on the crash. One by one, in communities from Comox, B.C., to Charlottetown, Que., a visit from the military paid confirmed what they most feared. The bodies arrived within days, and wives, parents and children said

Damasco air traffic controllers. Adds passenger Simpson's older brother Jack, who was a military analyst at the time: "Whether by accident or design, we'll never know. But the always felt it was more than an accident."

Many families feel that, along with their loved ones, the military buried any accounting for the disaster. "We were given very vague information," says Korpesh's son Paul, who lives in Barrie, Ont. And those who pushed for more details were unsuccessful. Few knew, for instance, the sequence of events that day, or what effect the Canadian government made to follow up with the Syrians. Hearing those facts would have helped Mithal widow Gloria Fraser, told to her two sons, then aged 3 and 6, about their father's death. "The unknown is always the most difficult to live with," says the Ottawa resident.

And as Remembrance Day approaches, many families add that, in their view, the Canadian government has not properly commemorated the lives of the Buffalo crew and passengers.

While British Columbia, Alberta, Manitoba, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick recognize Aug. 9 as Peacekeeping Memorial Day, Ottawa has not set aside any day to specifically honour those soldiers who have sacrificed their lives in UN efforts. Air-force and peacekeeping veterans' associations attempted to right that wrong this past August, inviting families to the nation's capital where Chief of Defence Staff Gen. Raymond Henrich, standing next to a propeller from the Buffalo, presented them with the Canadian Peacekeeping Service Medal. For Van Blaylock, 34, the emotional impact of the event was overwhelming. As a child, she learned little of her father's death. Then, in 1973, only five years after Wick's death, her mother died in a car accident. It wasn't until this summer that she connected with some of the men who had served alongside her father and learned of the questions other families had raised years ago. As a result, says Van Blaylock, she now has something more than her treasured papers, photos and other mementos to pass along to her children: she has stories of their grandfather's life and death.



Wicks (above) kept a bracelet for his belongings; Simpson (left) was flying in Damascus on leave.



their goodbyes at military funerals across the country.

But after the ceremonies, questions arose. A Canadian investigation of the crash site concluded the Syrians were responsible for the plane's destruction. Lt.-Col. Roger Landry, then Canada's military attaché to four Arab states in the region, reported that Syrian president Hafez al-Assad told him that a Syrian commander had mistaken the Buffalo for a Israeli fighter jet during a raid. Landry, who notes that many Syrians distrusted the West's presence in the area, remains unconvinced the official explanation is plausible. "I know for a fact," Landry says, "that the Israeli raid happened 2½ hours later, a good 120 clicks farther south." And the Buffalo, he says, which was flying in regular route under UN colours, had already made contact with

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Films BRIAN D. JOHNSON

# A knack for noir

David Mamet and the Coen brothers prove their mastery of the genre

The dialogue is terse and tough. The plot is strung tighter than a squash racquet. And the characters are trapped in kind of Darwinian intelligence test, watching their luck run down in a no-nonsense world of deep irony and lengthening shadows. Welcome to film noir, the dark underside of the American Dream. Anyone looking for a movie with more smart and less up than, say, *Left as a Right*, is in luck. November seems to be Noir Month.

First came *Miller's Drive*, David Lynch's trippy descent into Hollywood gothic. Now we've got *The Man Who Wasn't There* and *Heist*, two stylized but more straightforward excursions into noir from masters of the genre, the Coen brothers and David Mamet, respectively. They're quite different. A period film shot in luscious black and white, *The Man Who Wasn't There* tracks the unraveling of a man's life with due beauty and wry wit. It's about a conspiracy of circumstance. *Heist*, a contemporary crime thriller, unfolds in an ingenious game of bluff engineered by a criminal mastermind. Both movies are well-acted, sharply written—and in the noir tradition, brutally unsentimental.

*The Man Who Wasn't There* Billy Bob Thornton, an actor who manages to be barely recognizable from one film to the next, is on a streak. After leading *Rosetta* in his role as a hypocritical thief, here he creates another extraordinary, and original, character: Ed Crane, a meek barber whose life takes a weird turn.

Set in a California town in 1949, the story begins with a naive act of blackmail, a stain of crime and punishment that just keeps on spreading. Crane is sure that his wife, a pudgy alcoholic played by Frances McDormand (*Fargo*), is having an affair with her boss at Neidlinger's department



Ed Crane in *The Man Who Wasn't There*

## Films

note—an unconscious James Gandolfini (*The Sopranos*). So he sends him an anonymous blackmail note, promising to invest the money in a dry-cleaning scheme promoted by an oily salesman with a crooked suitcase (Jon Polite). But blackmail leads to homicide, and the barber finds himself on the unstable slippery slope.

Scripted by director Joel Coen (McDonnald's husband) and producer brother Ethan, the plot poses a one-two punch worthy of *Double Indemnity*. And the movie plays as a high-octane homage to its source, James M. Cain. The dialogue is jazzed with lines like "this could be your daddy's ride out of the death house." And from the opening shot—a close-up cross of a birthmark pole in a slow, downward spiral—cinematographer Roger Deakins balances the drama on diagonal shafts of dark and light. The gleam of the Fifin can cut through the shadow, from the manicure of dry-cleaning to the specter of UFOs—an image of a flying saucer spins into a hubcap rolling down a car wheel.

Of all the Coen's films, *The Man Who Wasn't There* is the most purely beautiful. It's a bloodless, blood simple, with a still, shy, occasional sense of humor. After the Depression-era backdrop of the *Coral O' Brethren*, *Where Are You?*, this Decca drama strikes a softer, more cerebral tone. Ed Crane even ruminates about relativity and wonders how he knows when to stop growing after death. And amid the theatricality—the supernatural light, the rose-out direction, the long blackouts—what sets it from snaggles is Thornton's quiet conviction. Sad, self-effacing, always smoking cigarettes, Coen has the farthest focus of a man forever expecting rain, the death mask of a man not there. A glow. Gradually you realize the movie is about death—not the sweet, meditative death of *American Beauty*, but something closer to Bergman, a blighted death that leaves us unmoored, chuddling at its irony precisely novel and smooth to choose.

Hint David Mazer, who began his screenwriting career adapting James M. Cain's *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (1981), has developed his own cadence for hard-boiled dialogue, one that sounds like one one chick it can also sound surreal, too close by half. And because *Mist* is a contemporary tale, Mazer can't camouflage his whip-smart style to period manacles. But watching Mazer's characters nu-



Pelgion and McDonnald are *think as thieves in Mist*; director Mazer (left) says writing a script is like analyzing a dream

nuance, and rising to second-guess them, is great fun. Like playing against chaos.

Mist bears a marked resemblance to *The Shaw*. They were shot in Montreal at the same time, and each is about a veteran criminal who gets dragged into doing one last big job before retirement, and is tormented by a young hotshot who's not to be trusted. Playing the kind of role he has built his career on, Gene Hackman portrays Joe, a master thief with a young young wife (Rebecca Pidgeon, Mazer's wife). Joe's ready to sell his yacht south. But his boss, a hard-boiled detective played by Danny DeVito, forces him to do another job. Along for the ride is the French punk lieutenant (Sean Rodwell), who seems poised to betray Joe and his former female wife.

The crew's sugar is a fortune in Swiss gold aboard a cargo plane. Post-Sept. 11, the spectacle of seeing criminals cruise airport tarmac, hijacks place on the runway and tranquillize the plot takes on a more sinister cast. But these guys work out to buzz anyone, even if they take particular delight in robbing the Swiss—perhaps the last safe target in a politically correct world. One stress that Mazer could care less about respect. His characters' riposte battles with macho posturing and ethnic asides—Joe calls his plan for the heist at "one as a Chinese baby." The beauty of the plan, of course, is really the beauty of the script. And in *Mist*, as is often the case with Mazer, the writing steals the show.

Interviewing David Mazer is like talking into a coiled spring. With dark, close-cropped hair and a stanced physique, he projects a scary intensity. And you expect him to speak like his characters, in petty one-liners. But Mazer talks in discursive paragraphs, and when asked about writing, he slides to Freud: "I always thought what a great goal it was to be able to psychoanalyze himself with such honesty. And that's what writing is—learning to connect not only your spontaneity but your inhibitions. Writing a script is like analyzing a dream. If you really learn to learn—which gets harder as you grow older, because you say, 'I know what I'm doing'—extraordinary things emerge from the subconscious."

What's emerged from that imagination is some of America's most strongly intelligent drama. Writing and directing for both stage and screen, Mazer, 53, has developed his own style of psychological and narrative genius. His film work ranges from capstone drama (*Hush*), Gregory Galt (*Blue*) to moral fables (*The Victim*, *Old*) to acid satire (*Wig*, *Big Day*, *State and More*). And his singular voice is grounded in the vernacular of his Chicago birthplace.

The son of a laborer, Mazer held a myriad of jobs in his youth. "I drove a cab, I washed windows, I worked in factories. I could land over the phone—there was very little I didn't do. One of things about the underclass, whether it's the criminal element or show people or my people, the Jews—they take great pleasure in verbal mischief, and being able to come up with new linguistic paradigms. Being funny for example." Punditry is not a word you'd hear in a Mazer script. But the writer, who compares the most rhythms of his dialogue to three-chord blues, is more sure than most of his characters. He recently published a satirical sci-fi novel titled *Primer: A Consideration of the Science*, which is teeming with footnotes.

Mazer is also a family man. He lives in a Boston suburb with Pidgeon (also a singer-songwriter), and their two children, 7 and 2. Asked about his guilty pleasures in the movies, he lists *Gary Cooper*, *Shanghai Noon*, *G.I. Joe*—and *A Bug's Life*. "When I saw those animals at the end of *A Bug's Life*," he says, "I just about cry dear."

Read the interview with David Mazer online at [www.artsjournal.com](http://www.artsjournal.com)



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# Kabul for kids

A Canadian scores with a tale of Taliban oppression

BY BRIAN BETHUNE

"I'm still stunned, actually," Deborah Ellis, author of what may be the world's hottest children's book, will have just over the last time lightning struck, when her first kids' novel, *Looking for X*, won the 2000 Governor General Award. Now her second novel, *The Breadwinner*, about a plucky 11-year-old girl and her family in war-torn Afghanistan, is in demand everywhere. Published in Canada a year ago and in the United States in April, *The Breadwinner* was doing well even before Sept. 11. Ellis says, selling 15,000 mostly hard-cover copies in the two countries. After the terrorist attacks, however, when parents and teachers do

voice, bookstores started as she describes where the story is going—to a school for 700 girls, and to the varied activities of RAWA, the Revolutionary Association of the Women of Afghanistan. "They're amazing women," she explains, "who run these secret projects in Afghanistan—unfounded magazines, schools and clinics for women and children. They struggle in canteens and supplies under their burkas, and struggle to live the life."

Ellis knows their story well. When the Taliban took over Kabul in 1996, she says, "it encapsulated in one place all the issues—women's rights, war and anti-intervention cases—I'd worked on my whole life." In the fall of 1997, travelling alone on her own savings, Ellis went to

Toronto-based publisher Groundwood Books moved up its first reprinting of 10,000 paperbacks from spring 2002, to early October. Those copies, too, are now sold out and Groundwood is planning an even bigger print run. Meanwhile, more than 100,000 copies will soon be in print in Europe, Japan and Australia. Not that Ellis, a mental-health counsellor at Toronto's Margaret Power House, a group home for women leaving psychiatric hospitals, is getting rich from the world's sudden interest in Afghanistan. All of the royalties from *The Breadwinner* are earmarked for women and children's projects in refugee camps in Pakistan, home to millions of displaced Afghans.

Ellis, 41, has been passionately involved in what she calls "peace and justice" issues since the left high school in Pocaterra, Ore., in 1978. Far more than when she discusses her writing, Ellis' quiet

work in a refugee camp in Pakistan for a month, returning in 1999 for another three months. "I had no real skills to offer, or I'd be back there now," she says. "So I asked them for their stories." She collected a library of vividly recalled horrors from the women she interviewed: male relatives pulled from their homes and shot in the street, their families forbidden to collect the bodies; girls' schools destroyed; women beaten for leaving their homes without male accompaniment. And—more than once—Ellis heard of young girls who dressed as boys and went to work, making scarce paraphernalia to bring home a little money.

She passed it all into *The Breadwinner*. Parvaneh's family has been almost destroyed by war and repression. Her older brother is dead, victim of one of the unaccounted and almost forgotten land mines scattered about the country. Her mother, once a teacher, and her teenage sister are prisoners in their one-room flat. Only Parvaneh is of an age to help her father, also a former teacher and a war refugee, limp to the marketplace. There he practices the ancient profession of letter reader for his illiterate countrymen, and each day, sells a few more of the family's dwindling possessions. When he is caught up in a sweep by Taliban militia and thrown in prison for the crime of having had a foreign education, the others are left helpless.

Or is it so? Within days, as hunger begins to grip them, the women hatch a desperate plan. Parvaneh can't let her hit, pass on her dead brother's clothes, and bravely assumes her father's place as family provider. Ellis does an exemplary job of reaching up the timeline: Even the 10- and 11-year-olds at whom *The Breadwinner* is aimed know it is only a matter of time before Parvaneh is berated, either by someone who recognizes her or by her own body as she enters puberty. The novel's main strength, however, lies in its portrayal of the daily struggles of decent people living in a ruined city ruled by fanatics.

Ellis spent four months working with women in refugee camps.

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*The Breadwinner* is the only children's book in English that dramatizes the Afghan tragedy, notes Phyllis Sanaa, co-owner of Kidbooks in Vancouver. But its themes have relevance beyond the current strife in that country.

Teachers in particular, given their bias towards providing information as an answer to troubled students and their strong interest in maintaining mutual respect in their multicultural classrooms, are drawn to the novel. And while some parents are also seeking out *The Breadwinner* for the insight it can give their children, others are opting for more escapist fare. "Comfort is definitely the right path," says Joey Kahn, owner of Toronto's *Common Reads*. "A new story there now would be a blessing."

It's a good time for children to learn to deal with loss, Kahn tells parents, citing an adult customer who read herself to sleep on the night of Sept. 11 with her own childhood favorites. So if a child "pulls out something you think is a bit babyish, just shut up and let him."

Ellis may hate the Taliban every bit as much as Parvaz does—"there's nothing whatsoever good to be said for them"—but she hates the American and British bombing with equal fervor. Parvaz and another disguised girl, Shantia, are partners in the guerrilla but well-paying trade of selling human bones from bombed-out cities—these remains are used as animal feed and to make soap. In the novel's most poignant passage, the two girls discuss the future: "Maybe someone should drop a big bomb on the country and start again," Shantia says. "They've tried that," replies Parvaz. "It only made things worse." Ellis hasn't changed her mind since writing that. "No good will come of the bombing either. The best we can hope for is a fragile peace, where people might be able to go home and get enough to eat."

Regardless of the war's outcome, Ellis, who describes her job as the group home as "doing whatever is needed, from cleaning to crisis counseling," will continue to help Afghan women as best she can. Money, at always, is a desperate need. "And since I'm otherwise a really busy find-meat," the mother, "I decided to write this book."



## From smallpox to frocks

Rival series bring Canada's past alive for girls

Meet our Canadian girls. There's Marie-Chaire, a working-class child in the small-pox-ravaged Montreal of 1885, and Emily, a banker's daughter in Victoria 11 years later. There's Rachel, a black Loyalist heading for Nova Scotia in 1783, and Penelope, who survives the Halifax explosion of 1917. Or, if they fail to entice, there are always the diaries of 11-year-old Victoria Cope, who welcomed a Bermuda orphan into her Guelph, Ont., home in 1837, and by "Whitewall," whose British family immigrated to Saskatchewan in 1926. As Canadian Children's Book Week kicked off on Nov. 3, real historical series were preening the desirability of old fashions and a burgeoning interest in Canada's past.

The four \$7.99 *Our Canadian Girl* paperback novels from Penguin, and Scholastic's two \$12.99 hardcover *Dear Canada* fictional diaries follow on the heels of hugely successful American predecessors. The American Girls Collection encompasses not only personalized historical fiction for girls, but a line of dolls and even a flagship store in Chicago. The 24 volumes of the *Dear America* series, edited by Scholastic's U.S. parent, have sold as well that the publisher has also brought out 13 boys' journals.

So far, Canadian publishers are sticking with the annual market represented by girls' Diane Kerrin, director of publicity for Scholastic Canada, points to the journal format. "At that age, 98 out of 100 diary writers are girls, and they love the day-to-day stuff." Penguin editor Barbara Benson agrees. "Life is in the details" for preteen girls who enjoy imagining themselves as a similar age in other circumstances, she says.

And readers increasingly want these other circumstances to be Canadian. Sales reps, Benson says, reported a huge interest in the genre, with bookstores telling them that the American titles were doing well but what "would really" be Canadian novels. "Canadian history, being Canadian, is very attractive to kids now," says Kerrin. As for the books themselves, the difference in production values means a difference in literary quality. The two diaries are by well-established authors writing powerful stories with strong personal resonance. Jean Little's tale of an orphan orphan in the 100-year-old house where the author grew up, while Sarah Ellis is based in large part on her father's immigrant experience.

The *Our Canadian Girl* authors are clearly passionate about their stories too—something that shows to best effect in Kathy Stenora's smallpox story, *Dear Spring*—but the overall effect is different.

Both series have done so well that all volumes have been republished at least once, and sequels and further titles are in the works. So, what about Canadian buyers? That's a question bookstores are asking, given that boys have always enjoyed historical fiction, at least of the action-packed, with-Wilde-at-Quebec variety. "A pioneer family heading west appeals to boys too," bookstore buyer Joey Kahn agrees. "It's just they're not interested in the passages that read 'And I have a new frock for the journey.'" Penguin and Scholastic say they're interested in expanding to boys. All it may take is a little less fiction and a little more "then I put on the Whitesoles." **R.B.**





Mosley (left) and Swain will show how they got the story

## Who, what, when, where, why—and how

**W**endy Mosley is in her element. Street lamps cast a dim yellow light down on the slick Toronto pavement while the interviewee, a gay male, about unprotected sex, HIV and AIDS. She's casual and relaxed, easily asking questions while the camera bounces between her and her subject. No camera tripods, no formal settings with rows of reference books in a backdrop. *CBC News Tonight*, which hits the small screen on Nov. 13 (running every Tuesday at 9 p.m.), promises to not only "expose hidden agendas," but do so in a more open and revealing way, showing viewers how the reporter covers the story. "We deliberately wanted to show the process," says Mosley, 44, a veteran reporter and for-

mer host of *Sunday Report* and *Undercurrents*, who is co-hosting the show with Winnipeg-based Diana Swain. "The idea is to try and bring people in on the process, which really helps to tell the story honestly."

Disclosure combines some elements of CBC's heralded investigative show the *50th* and the recently cancelled *Undercurrents*. Each hour will present a major feature every week, with the rest of the show devoted to experimental items, like using a camera only without a host. Others will be humorous—such as the first installment's fanciful look at the on-set budgets of Canada's premier. The program begins on a somber note, with a Mosley report on an undetected aspect of Sept. 11. Stay tuned.

## To Tommy with love

**F**ounder Mary Seaton never removes the gold locket given to her as a Christmas present by her brother Tommy, the former Codrington, who died of AIDS in 1993. "It was our first Christmas without him, but he made sure he was still there," she says, explaining that Tommy, who died at 36, posthumously gave gifts to his eight brothers and sisters; he had died just 12 days before the holiday. "He was such a bright light and such a fun person, and his light burned out too quickly," says Mary, 59, who has honored Tommy with her documentary *Tommy: A Family Portrait*. The 70-minute film, which received an enthusiastic standing ovation when it premiered at the Atlantic Film Festival in Halifax in September, will be shown on CBC on Nov. 15. Mary grew up watching Tommy dangle family and friends with his acting and improvisation abilities in their crowded St. John's, Nfld., home. She always knew his place was in front of the camera. *Tommy: A Family Portrait* is a collage of Tommy's onscreen antics over 30 years, interspersed with interviews with his parents and siblings. "All the family misses him so much," says Mary.



Photo: Bob Burt

## Fur, fear and a flat script

**S**he, the track record of animated films that trumpet how well they do, has not been good. Last summer's *Final Fantasy*, in fact, had almost nothing else to brag about. So it was a bad sign when Pixar, the producer of *Monsters, Inc.*, talked up its characters for the movie's concept is serviceable enough. A melody crew of hawks, including eight for ball (John Goodman) and walking eyeball (Mike Myers), led in a factory



Turning children's screens into energy

harvesting the screams of human children for energy. Crystal gets off a low good one (Burt and there are some really ironic moments. The plot turns on a looming energy crisis—

items that don't count as easily as they used to—while the filmmakers had to delay production because of California's rolling blackouts last winter. (The constant presence of apocalyptic emergency workers looking for a basic child may be a little too reminiscent of current scenarios.) And, yes, the animation is wonderfully detailed. But under Pixar's past blumple-A Big's life and the superb by Story Studio-Monsters' perfectionist subject unfolds in an utterly predictable fashion. Stories still matter, even if your hair looks great.

Bob Burt



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## Entertainment Notes

### Starting the space race

The launch of a satellite by the Soviet Union on Oct. 4, 1957, altered North American life in profound ways. Sputnik (Mafatlure: Walter & Rose) is Paul Dickson's evocative portrait of a time when Western anxieties were severely shaken. He covers the sudden American emphasis on technological research that led directly to the microelectronics that brought about the computer age. The political uproar helped elect John F. Kennedy president three years later. That in turn brings Dickson to see small irony: Kennedy's older brother Joseph died during a botched bomber attack on the Nazi rocket centre of Peenemünde in 1944. Had the attack been successful, the author notes, it might well have killed several men who were later central to Kennedy's drive to reach the moon.



### Best-Sellers

Fiction	WEEKEND LAST WEEK
1. <b>WITCHES PRISONER</b> (Dorothy L. Sayers)	1
2. <b>SPYGLASS</b> (Michael Chabon)	2
3. <b>THE KILLER</b> (Michael Crichton)	4
4. <b>THE COLLECTOR</b> (Michael Ondaatje)	5
5. <b>THE SHIP GARDEN</b> (David Shields)	3
6. <b>THE SHIP GARDEN</b> (David Shields)	4
7. <b>SPYGLASS</b> (Michael Chabon)	3
8. <b>THE SHIP GARDEN</b> (David Shields)	3
9. <b>THE SHIP GARDEN</b> (David Shields)	3
10. <b>THE SHIP GARDEN</b> (David Shields)	3

### Non-fiction

1. <b>WITCHES PRISONER</b> (Dorothy L. Sayers)	3
2. <b>THE SHIP GARDEN</b> (David Shields)	2
3. <b>THE SHIP GARDEN</b> (David Shields)	3
4. <b>THE SHIP GARDEN</b> (David Shields)	3
5. <b>THE SHIP GARDEN</b> (David Shields)	3
6. <b>THE SHIP GARDEN</b> (David Shields)	3
7. <b>THE SHIP GARDEN</b> (David Shields)	3
8. <b>THE SHIP GARDEN</b> (David Shields)	3
9. <b>THE SHIP GARDEN</b> (David Shields)	3
10. <b>THE SHIP GARDEN</b> (David Shields)	3

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Allan Fotheringham

## The best and the brightest

**S**o, you see, we had this party last week. Original idea is to be a small dinner party in honour of two buddies who had just been inducted—inducted, if that's the proper word—into the Order of Canada. Barbara McDougall, who dined with this scabbler several years ago at *The Macmillan* Sun and ended up being the foreign manager in the B. Mulaney cabinet. And Allan Slaughter, the Moose Jaw producer who ended up being the communications guru who won the Toronto Raptors and built the Air Canada Centre.

McDougall couldn't make it—apparently going bowling that night or having her hair done. And so we were stuck with Slaughter who, as his friend

Dr. Murray From pointed out, was listed in the *Redbus* Hall announcement behind a female sex therapist who appears on late-night TV.

Lady of the house, horrified Slaughter got all this attention inside guests, came up brilliant. Why not invite all our pals and acquaintances who had an Order of Canada, if necessary some of our enemies (Prince Hal Judeman discovered a diplomatic threat, lay Asper couldn't make it due to a toothache—I think it was actually a bank ache).

Lady of house got on her computer and asked Redbus Hall how many people had the Order of Canada. Answer: 4,431. Since that seemed a lot much for a small, 100-year-old house, we mailed invitations to 112 bodies (Lady of house discovered, in her research, eldest honorary holder of the citation The beloved Queen Mum, at 80). Black House, surprisingly enough, declined—graciously—explaining the couldn't quite make it.)

Seventy people showed up, promise being that little white lapel button had to be shown at the door. If Oursies his Ladies had dropped a bomb on this house, most of the brains of Western civilization would have been wiped out. As John F. Kennedy once told a White House gathering of Nobel Prize winners, this was the greatest meeting of minds since Thomas Jefferson dined alone. Only male in the gathering who did not own one of those lapel buttons was the host, a firm believer in the Groucho Marx philosophy that he wouldn't want to belong to any club that would allow him as a member.

Pierre Berton couldn't make it, he is 81 being out west flipping his book, which, surprisingly, is selling more than mine. The Rt. Hon. John Turner couldn't make it, his wife



being mad at me at the moment. Dick Caruso, just named CEO of the year by the *National Post* as chairman of Loblaw, with the lovely Beth accompanied with Bay Street lawyer Tim Korman, both being on the board of BCE, one of my many employers, as principal owner of *The Globe and Mail*. Aron Charles Pichler, who famously put the Queen Mum's daughter on a Canadian spouse, arrived with, as usual, his bad jokes.

Willace McCain, New Brunswick potato king, arrived with wife Margie, former lieutenant-governor of the province, who also has that lapel button. Adrian Zimmelman, former *Namaste* chaffee, told how his father as Ottawa dollar-a-year man was given

some award in 1967, the year Lester Pearson as PM devoted the medal so as to get rid of Brit colonial titles. Renee and Sylvia Gossy arrived. Even Sandra Gottlieb behaved, her Allan arriving late. Ted Rogers, another of my many employers is owner of this magazine, couldn't make it.

Dave Bradstreet, graduate star of the *Royal Canadian Air Force*, who got his Order of Canada 15 years ago, told the assembly how he emerged from a strict missionary family in Vancouver, and, rising in fame, got an invitation to appear on the *Ed Sullivan Show*. Flattered beyond belief, he phoned his mother with the great news. "Do you," she replied, "like to work on *Sandpiper*?" Publisher Anna Peres, another of my many employers, watches her husband, the silver-tongued Julian Peres—my third lawyer—perform. Her partner, Michael de Peres, yet another 50-per-cent employee, is with wife Hester, one of the only three women in Canada who knows how to hug properly.

Paul Godfrey, new foreman of the Toronto Blue Jays, and Doug Creighton, founder of *The Toronto Star*—both former employees—we here Rob McLeod, new boss of Toronto, watched carefully Peter Herridoff with wife Ena laugh as usual. Judge Rosie Noella, a trouble film. Justice Charles Dubin of Ben Johnson fame. Susan Jane Calwood and Trent Engle. Mary Jungers, the conscience of *Markovitz*. Berry Kennedy, my bud from *Funny Page Challenge*. David Mirvish, Mulaney phoned from New York. The wonderful Barmanauville Garmus introduced husband Slaughter in non-stop Italian, bringing down the house.

We're going to do the same thing next year at someone else's house. Only one rule: the founders enemies must be invited. Groucho would choke.

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